THE

She-Gallants.

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A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE

IN

Little-Lincoln-Inn-Fields,

BY

His MAJESTY's Servants.

By George Granville, Lord Lansdown

LONDON:

Printed for Henry Playford in the *Temple-Change*. And Benj. Cooke at the *Middle-Temple-Gate* in *Fleet-street*. 1696.

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THE PREFACE TO THE READER.

THIS Play was Written by the Author in *France* above twelve Years paſt, without any deſign of becoming Publick, but only as an Exerciſe to learn to Write, at an Age when many are but beginning to Spell. It was afterwards accidentally communicated to ſome Perſons, and begg'd by a Friend, who propos'd to make ſome Advantage by it, which was conſented to upon Promiſe that the Author ſhould never be nam'd. Thus it remain'd for ſome Years in other Hands, till at laſt the Author was importun'd to own it, or his Friend had been

disappointed. Some few Alterations were made to suit it only to the present time of Acting; in every thing else the Play is the same as at first, even to the Songs, and the Epilogue as it is printed. If his Friend has had a Third Day to his Satisfaction, it is all the end that the Author propos'd to himself: And if before the ordinary Age of Manhood, he shall be allow'd not to have been wholly Impotent, it is all the Commendation he expects. Of which the *Reader* is left to judge as he thinks fit.

Prologue to the SHE-GALLANTS,

Spoke by Mr. BETTERTON.

AS quiet Monarchs that on peaceful Thrones
In Sports and Revels long had Reign'd like Drones:
Rousing at length, reflect with Guilt and Shame,
That not One Stroke had yet been giv'n for Fame;
Wars they proclaim, and to redeem the past,
To bold Attempts and rugged Labours haste.
Our Poet so: with like Concern reviews
The Youthful Follies of his Love-sick Muse.
To Amorous Toils, and to the Silent Grove;
To Beauty's Snares, and to deceitful Love,
He bids Farewel: His Shield and Launce prepares,
And mounts the Stage, to bid Immortal Wars.

Vice, like some Monster, suff'ring none t'escape,
Has seiz'd the Town, and varies still her Shape.
Here, like a General, she struts in State,
While Crowds in Red and Blue her Orders wait.
There, like some pensive Statesman, walks Demure,
And smiles and hugs, to make Destruction sure.
Now under high Commodes with Looks Erect,
Bare-faced devours in gaudy Colours deck.
Then in a Vizard, to avoid Grimace,
Allows all Freedom but to see the Face.

In Pulpits and at Bar, she wears a Gown;
In Camps a Sword, in Palaces a Crown.
Resolv'd to Combat with this Mostly Beast,
Our Poet comes to strike One Stroke at least.

His Glass he means, not for this Isle or Land,
Some Features of you all he hopes to shew
On chosen Heads; nor lets the Thunder fall,
But scatters his Artillery at All.

Yet to the Fair he fain wou'd Quarter show,
His tender Heart recoils at every Blow.
If unawares he give too smart a Stroke,
He means but to Correct, and not Provoke.

Persons

Persons Names.

Mr. Betterton,	*Bellamour*,	Formerly contracted to *Angelica*, to be marry'd to *Lucinda*.
Mr. Hodgson,	*Philabel*,	In Love with *Lucinda*.
Mr. Thurman,	*Frederick*,	In Love with *Constantia*.
Mr. Underhill,	*Sir Toby Cusifle*,	A Knight a Pimp.
Mr. Bowen,	*Sir John Aery*,	Two egregious Fops.
Mr. Dogget,	*Vaunter*,	
Mr. Bailie.	*Courtall*,	Brother to *Constantia*.

WOMEN.

Mrs. Barry,	*Lady Dorimen*,	*Aunt to* Lucinda.
Mrs. Bracegirdle,	*Angelica*,	In Love with *Bellamour*, Daughter to *Sir Toby*.
Mrs. Bootell,	*Constantia*,	In Love with *Frederick*.
Mrs. Bowman,	*Lucinda*,	In Love with *Philabel*.
	Diana, *Melissa*, *Dorinda*, *Miranda*,	Sisters to *Frederick*.
Mrs. Lee,	*Plackett*,	Waiting-Woman to *Lady Dorimen*.

A Frenchman, that dresses Heads for Ladies.
Women that sell *Indian* Ware.
Page and Servants to *Lady Dorimen*.
Dancers and Fidlers.

SCENE, St. JAMES's.

THE

THE She-Gallants.

ACT the First.

SCENE I.

Company walking to and fro as in the Mall.

Enter Angelica *and* Conſtantia *in Man's Apparel.*

Ang. repeating, { *DIſguiſe your Inclinations as you can,*
Yet every Woman's buſineſs is a Man.

Conſ. Notwithſtanding the Poet's Opinion, I declare for my part, I wou'd have ſeen all Mankind at the Devil, before I'de have taken ſo much pains for any one of 'em.

Ang. Ah *Conſtantia!* when once a Woman has got a Man in her head——

Conſ. She never leaves till ſhe has him——well, I ſay no more; but faith 'tis hard that Men ſhould deſert at this rate, and put us to ſuch pains to bring 'em back to their Colours.

Ang. An old *Roman*, as I have read, began an Oration to this purpoſe: If we could break off all Communication with Women, we ſhou'd be freed from many Troubles. Now, I ſay, if we Women wou'd renounce Mankind, we ſhou'd avoid many Evils, and be reveng'd for the paſt; for what cou'd they do without us?

Conſ. Not ſo faſt neither——Rather what cou'd we do without them?

Ang. It might be ſomewhat uneaſy, I confeſs, but they wou'd have the worſt on't.

Conſ. Not ſo much as you may imagine, for they have a thouſand other Diverſions: Nor, wou'd Love it ſelf be altogether excluded; for in this wicked Age, a young, ſpruce, handſom Fellow, is become a Rival for a fine Woman. And I'le pawn my Breeches, and all that belongs to 'em, if in this Dreſs we are not as much courted by the Men themſelves, as when we appear'd to be Women.

Ang. Fy, *Conſtantia*, thy Breeches have made thee ſtrangely extravagant.

Conſ. Why don't you ſee as we walk along, how they ſtop and look back—Demme' Jack, ſays one, a pretty young Fellow—By *Jove* as good as a Wench—And then a Lady with a languiſhing Caſt, ogles over her ſhoulder, and whiſpers her Companion—I vow, my Dear, a moſt agreeable Creature. Upon my Reputation, ſuch a Man is not at all my Averſion.

Ang. Of all the Conqueſts I have made in this habit, that which pleaſes me beſt, is my Adventure with my Lady *Dorimen*. It is, you know, to her Neece *Lucinda*, that my faithleſs *Bellamour* is to be marry'd; wherefore if I can but get into her Ladyſhip's Family, and have ſome power over her Inclinations, I hope to find an Expedient to break off a Match, which, if concluded, undoes me.

Conſ. Exceeding Wiſe and Politick.

Ang. My truſty Friend and Counſellor in this Intrigue, (with Reverence be it ſpoken) is my own lewd old Father *Sir Toby Cuſtle*, with whom thus diſguis'd, I have contracted a particular Intimacy: Whoring and Pimping have been always his Occupation—The kind Offices he does of that ſort, make him every where a welcom Perſon. He knows me not, nor indeed is it poſſible he ſhou'd, having left me at ten years old in the Country, at random, to the care of an old Nurſe, and never ſeen, nor ſcarce enquir'd after me ſince.

Conſ. A hopeful Father truly.

Ang. How unkind ſoever he has been, if by his aſſiſtance I can be ſo introduc'd to my Lady *Dorimen*, as to undermine *Bellamour*, and reclaim his Infidelity, he will then be a Father

to

to me indeed ; and I expect him here every minute, to give me some account of the progress he has made in it.

Conf. This Father of your's is a most necessary Man, and has likewise been particularly useful to me upon a like occasion ; for, to confess the Truth to you freely, there is some other meaning in my wearing Breeches, besides keeping you company.

Ang. Indeed I always suspected some secret Self-Interest in your Disguise, you put it on so willingly : But may not a Friend be inquisitive, and ask your Secret?

Conf. Yes, and be told it. Know then, my dear *Angelica*, that thô in publick I have been an Enemy declar'd to Love, yet we have held a private Correspondence together. And what may seem yet more *Bizarre*, the Man in the World whom I have always us'd worst, is he whom I have lov'd best. I know what Dissemblers are Men, and am resolv'd to enquire thorowly into my Lover, before I discover my Inclinations. If I find *Frederick* loves me sincerely, and is a Man of Honour, I will then explain my self in his favour : But if I prove him unworthy, my Aversion, that is now but Pretence, shall be real, and he shall never so much as suspect that I have had the least good thought of him.

Ang. This Caution is much to be prais'd, and the more, because it is so very unusual to love, and be discreet at the same time.

Conf. In pursuance therefore of this Design, I have already made a friendship with him, passing for my own Brother *Courtall*, whom every one knows to resemble me so entirely, that we have often, by changing of habits, been mistaken the one for the other. Thus have I many opportunities to pry into his most secret affections, to examin his humour, and sound him to the bottom : But the Jest on't is, that he has propos'd a cross Match to me, proffering me the choice of his four Sisters, provided I will undertake to persuade *Constantia* to relent ; to which I have agreed, and have accordingly made formal Address to all four.

Ang. How ! to all four !

Conf. Yes, and am hugely diverted ; for, you must know, their Brother has strictly instructed 'em to be wanting in no kind of encouragement : I never rise in a morning, but I find my Toilette cover'd with Presents, Rings, Bracelets, Perfumes, and a world of fine things ; for which I make equal acknow-

ledgments to all, and proteſt it moſt impoſſible to know which to chuſe.

Ang. And are you not very malicious, to triumph in this manner over the weakneſs of your own Sex? Beſides, what can th s expoſing the Siſters, profit any thing with the Brother?

Conſ. O let me alone to manage it; if I fail in my Ends, I'll be bound to renounce my Petticoats for ever, and never to find any thing more ſubſtantial in Breeches than what you can give me: for your Plot I don't ſee how it can fail, for faith I cou'd be in love with you my ſelf, but that I know your Credentials are counterfeit, and 'tis a falſe Paſs which you ſhew.

Ang. Prithee tell me truly, what manner of a Man do I make?

Conſ. A very Spark, upon Honour; and, to all outward appearances, as much a Man as the beſt. Any thing that's well Periwig'd, and Powder'd, and Steenkirk'd, and Embroider'd, is a Man. Singing and Dancing, and Dreſs, is Breeding. Noiſe, Familiarity and Impertinence, is Wit. Whiſtling to one's ſelf—as thus——or taking Snuff gravely——as thus——paſſes for Thought, and ſerious Conſideration: And all this put together, is a Man.

Ang. At leaſt as much as is neceſſary for us two at this time——But however one is a little Awkard at firſt——How do I walk?

Conſ. Ha, an Air *fieré & determiueé*——

[*They ſtrut about the Stage.*]

Ang. And then my Legs, *Conſtantia.*

Conſ. 'Tis true, the Ladies love good Supporters—They'll do, they'll do, 'Sbud fear nothing.

Ang. Why how now Bully, what, thou ſwear'ſt too?

Conſ. Damm your Whinings and Formalities: "Confound "me, Madam, I adore you; Thunder rivet me, I muſt enjoy "you——How much better this ſounds than——"Durſt I preſume, Madam; or might I be permitted——'Zoons, how many a modeſt Fool has loſt his Longing, for want of Damming, Sinking, and Confounding handſomly, and like a Gentleman.

Ang. Peace, Madcap——here comes my old bawdy Father, according to appointment.

Enter

Enter Sir Toby, *who runs and embraces them.*

Sir Toby. My *Ganimed*——My *Hylas*——

Ang. My *Jupiter.*

Conſ. My *Hercules.*

Sir Toby. My dear little Sparks of Love, let me kiſs ye. You'r lucky Rogues both—— Wrapt in your Mothers Smocks Begad——There's not a Lady in Town but lies at your mercy—— (*to Ang.*) For your part, my little *Cupid*, my Lady *Dorimen*'s your own, the leaſt Thruſt throws her flat e'gad, juſt you know how——I met her this minute, and ſhe gave me ſuch a Look, ſuch ſweet Ogles, as thus d'ye ſee, and thus; ſo very dying egad, it made my heart ake to ſee it.

Ang. Alas! poor Lady—— If ſhe languiſhes in earneſt, ſhe knows her Remedy, *Sir Toby.*

Sir Toby. And that's heartily ſaid i'faith: Well, ſhe for a willing Miſtreſs, and old *Toby* for a hearty Pimp, I'll ſay't we are the beſt in Chriſtendom: But hark——I had like to have forgot——This 'tis to have ſo much Occupation at a time—— (*to Conſ.*) ſee here my *Mark*——*Anthony.*

[*Pulls out a Bracelet.*]

Twice twenty ſlender Virgin Fingers twine
This curious Web, where all their Fancies ſhine.

Your four Miſtreſſes beg you to accept of this Bracelet, 'tis the work of all four, compos'd of their own hairs, and wrought with their own hands.

Conſ. A thouſand Thanks, dear *Sir Toby*——all your Offices are friendly.

Sir Toby Huſh! huſh! who comes here? what, a Swarm of Beaux and Froes?

[*Company continuing to walk in the* Mall.]

My Lord, your Lordſhip's——Madam, your moſt obedient—— That's my little Lord *Wagfan*——That's fine Mrs. *Wrigglebum.*

Sir

Sir John Airy, Vaunter, *and Ladies croſſing over,* *Sir* John *and* Vaunter *run to Sir* Toby.

Vaun. Ha, Chevalier *Jerny*, dear Rogue, let me kiſs thee.

Sir J. Airy. Dear *Toby*, let me kiſs thee. Thou'lt excuſe me, Geddemme', that I don't ſtay with thee, but the Ladies would never forgive me: Let me go this once, and I'll make what haſte I can to come to thee again, beged. [*Exeunt ſinging.*

Sir Toby. Let thee go? Who the Devil keeps thee.——

Ang. What Fools are thoſe, Sir *Toby?*

Sir Toby. Such Fools as are to be ſeen, but not to be deſcrib'd; adzooks, the Town ſwarms with them; one is call'd *Vaunter*, and the other Sir *John Airy*, Fops, with great Eſtates; Cullies to the Women, and Bubbles to the Men.——But who have we here.——Ay, 'tis ſhe her ſelf by Jove.——My Lady *Dorimen* in *propria Perſona*, with her Neice *Lucinda*; and juſt behind 'em, my little *Courtall*, your four *Cleopatra's*; ſtay you and meet them, while we follow my Lady *Dorimen*.—Make your beſt Leg,——bow, bow, and let her paſs, we'll catch her the next turn.——Now follow,——adzooks, I love Pimping dearly.

[*Lady* Dorimen, Lucinda, Placket *croſs over the Stage*; *Sir* Toby *and* Angelica *follow.*

Enter Diana, Meliſſa, Dorinda, *and* Miranda; Conſtantia *joyns them with the Bracelet in her Hand.*

Conſ. repeating, { *As Nature them, ſo they this Shade have wrought,*
Soft as their Hand, and various as their Thought.

And did you think my Heart, Ladies, not enough your own, before that you have ſent me this pretty Chain to bind it faſter.

Diana. The Ladies who ſent you that Bracelet, ſure meant it for a Reproach, and not for a Favour; and it ſeems to ſay, *Unconſtant Man, can no one Colour pleaſe you?*

Conſ. Truly, Madam, I made a more favourable Interpretation, and concluded, that the Ladies, who have been ſo kind to preſent me their Hair, meant to deliver up their Strength with it.

Mel. You

Mel. You Men interpret every thing with vanity to your ſelves.

Conſ. Alas, Madam, take away Hope and Vanity, you kill us; they are the Cordials that kind Nature has provided for our Comfort upon all occaſions of Diſgrace and Diſcouragement.

Dor. If Vanity could keep you alive, the Men of this Age are ſo ſtock'd, they would be Immortal.

Dia. Really, Siſter, we give our Lover too many occaſions to feed his Vanity, ſee how plump and ruddy it keeps him.

Mel. Let us reſolve then for the future, to be ſeen only in frowns.

Dia. Till we make him look like a Lover in earneſt.

Mir. A Lover in earneſt would be a ſtrange ſight indeed.

Dor. As ſtrange as many other things that are often diſcours'd of, but never ſeen.

Dia. Love is the pretence of all Mankind, as common in their Mouths,——

Mir. As Snuſh in their Noſes;——

Dor. But is never to be found in their Hearts.

Mel. Beſides, Men are grown ſuch ſelf-enamour'd things, that they neither like nor love any thing but themſelves.

Conſ. And what is the whole World ſway'd by, but ſelf-affection; the Courtier ſides with the great Man in hopes of Preferment; the great Man is diligent about his Prince, becauſe he riſes by him; and there is ſcarce a Prieſt who ſerves God, but for the ſake of a Benefice.

Dor. Pray, are not your Lovers the ſame? for when a Man pretends a Paſſion; what is it he intends but to content his own Deſires? You ſeek not to give, but to receive Pleaſure, and that you call Love.—— Love of your ſelves, indeed.

Mir. The Friendſhip, Loyalty, Religion, and Love of Men ſerve only to cover private Ends.

Dia. And the Virtues of Mankind are all but Vices in diſguiſe.

Conſ. Very ſmart and ſatyrical; 'tis pity Ladies, but this humour of Bitterneſs were encouraged; what ſay you to an *extempore* Lampoon by word of Mouth upon the whole *Mall*?

All Wo-

All Women. With all our hearts.

Dia. Really nothing ſo diverting, as to rail at Folks behind their Backs.

Conſ. See yonder for the Purpoſe, a Legion of Lords and Ladies toſſing their Heads, and jetting their Tails; ——— let's follow, and be exceeding ſevere.

All Women. We'll not ſpare a Man.

Conſ. Nor I a Woman. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lucinda *and* Placket.

Lucin. We'll take a turn or two by our ſelves: my Aunt is among the Men, and won't miſs us. Did you deliver the Note I ſent to *Bellamour?*

Plac. Yes, Madam, but I vow it went againſt my heart.

Lucin. The truth is, he has been ſo arrogant of late, eſpecially ſince he thought there were no longer any Obſtacles to our Marriage, that I begin to be tir'd of him; and when a Woman begins to be tir'd of a Man whilſt he is a Lover, ſhe has but little encouragement to take him for a Huſband.

Plac. But there is this to be conſider'd, Madam, you have your Aunt's Inſtructions to love him; you have given him your ſelf great Encouragement; the whole Town has talkt of it, and what can you expect the World will think?

Lucin. Why let it think; this fear of the World deſtroys all the ſatisfactions of a Woman's Life: Hang the World, a Woman that minds what the World thinks or ſays, had better never have been in the World.

Plac. But what can be the reaſon of this ſudden alteration?

Lucin. I confeſs the abſence of *Philobel* had almoſt made me forget him, and I began inſenſibly to feel a kind of Inclination for *Bellamour*: If my old Lover had not return'd, I might have made my new one the happy Man; but ſince I hear *Philabel* came laſt night to Town, I find my ſelf more inclin'd to my firſt Promiſe than my laſt, and in this have only acted like a Woman of the Age; if one Lover had fail'd, I entertain'd another in caſe of neceſſity.

Plac. Then

Plac. Then you are reſolv'd to break with poor Mr. *Bellamour.*

Lucin. Not abſolutely break with him, but ſuſpend my Reſolution till I know how *Philabel* continues inclin'd; for as I told you before, I muſt not loſe both; and tho the uneaſineſs and jealouſy of *Bellamour*'s Temper has loſt him ſome part of my good Will, he is yet in the Ballance.

Plac. Well, I vow Madam, methinks nothing's ſo pleaſing as to ſee one's Lover jealous; ſometimes in Fury, then preſently at your Feet; now raging to part, then ſubmiſſive for a Reconciliation; for, what's a Woman's pow'r, unleſs ſhe could maſter a Lover of all Humours?

Lucin. Yes, I would maſter him: I would have my Lover my Slave; a thing caſt to pleaſe and obey me; like my Glove, to draw on or off as I think fitting; but then this Lover muſt not be jealous; that ſhews too much like a Contention for the Maſtery; every Look and Action is to be enquir'd into, and a ſtrict account exacted of all that's done or ſaid. No, give me the Lover that's free, who never pries into my Affairs, who has his Secrets, and lets me have mine; for ſo all private Reck'nings are handſomely diſcharg'd, no matter for the reſt, that's the Husband for me.

Plac. But while you ſuffer ſo much main Stock to be ſpent abroad, there muſt needs run a gteat deal behind-hand to you. Lord! I ſhould be ſo ſorry to ſee you pick up a Husband from a Side-box at a Play, or the Gallery in St. *James*'s Church, and ſo after the firſt year be forc'd to live in the *Fleet*, or the *King*'s *Bench.*

Lucin. And why not, rather than marry a dull, fat Fool, with a great Eſtate, whoſe Faculties are all choak'd up with Flegm; a Lump, whoſe only ſign of Life is ſweating; we may melt his Greaſe, but not extract one wholeſome Drop out of him.——No, give me a Man without a Fortune, rather than a Fortune without a Man. I had rather beg with a brisk, lively, young Fellow, than reign with a heavy, bloated, overgrown Blockhead.

Plac. Your Aunt, Madam.

Enter Lady Dorimen, Sir Toby, Angelica, *as in diſcourſe.*

Lady Dor. Your Wits are never ſeen in publick with their Wives; 'tis become a point of Scandal, and paſſes for Demonſtration of a Fool.

Sir Toby. To be ſeen with a Wife, may be one Demonſtration; to have a Wife, adzooks, is another.

Ang. Sir *Toby*, you have been marri'd your ſelf, as great an Antagoniſt to Marriage as you pretend to be; and as I have heard, was ſo pious a Husband, that in Honour to your Wives Memory, you ſpent a Thouſand pounds in her Funeral.

Sir Toby. Yes, Sweat-heart, for Joy, and would have ſpent five times that Sum to have purchas'd ſo glorious a Day.

Ang. Methinks you ſhould at leaſt expreſs more reſpect for a Condition of Life, which this young Lady has determin'd ſo ſuddenly to make Choice of for her ſelf.

Lucin. Not ſo fully determin'd, Sir, but I ſhall take ſome time to conſider of it.

[*Lady* Dorimen *takes* Sir Toby *aſide.*

Lady Dor. Sir Toby, if you pleaſe, a word with you in private.

Ang. to *Lucin.*] This would be very ill news, Madam, for Mr. *Bellamour*, whoſe impatience muſt needs be great to be poſſeſs'd of ſo much happineſs.

Enter Bellamour, *obſerving them.*

Lucin. I am not, I aſſure you, in ſuch haſte for a Husband, as to venture any part of my own repoſe to ſatisfy Mr. *Bellamour*'s impatience.

Bell. coming up.] And do you think it ſuch a venture, Madam?

Luc. There is no judging of Men, Mr. *Bellamour*, by what they appear to be, while they Court us.

Bell. Give me leave, Madam, to add, nor of Women, while they are courted (*ſoftly to her*) at leaſt unconſtant Woman, if

if I may compare your former Encouragements, with your indifference to Day.

[Lady Dorimen *talking aſide with* Sir Toby.

Lady Dor. But are you ſure he is ſuch a one, as a Lady may with ſafety repoſe her Honour in his hands?

Sir Toby. Her Honour, ay, adzooks, or any thing elſe that ſhe has.

To *Ang.*] Hark ye, young Gentleman, my Lady deſires to know if you are a Gameſter; ſhe wants a Man ſometimes to paſs an Evening, or ſo, at *Piquette.*——You underſtand me.

Ang. You might have anſwer'd for me; I'll never ſtick out at any Games my Lady ſhall propoſe.

Sir Toby. Look ye, Madam, he will never ſtick out; and adzooks, I think that's as much as any reaſonable Woman can deſire.

Lady Dor. Sir Toby, ſhall I venture my ſelf a turn with you and your Friend alone: Neice, you won't be angry to be left with Mr. *Bellamour*, your Servant; we ſhall meet the next turn.

[Bellamour *bows.*——*Exeunt* Lady Dor. Sir Toby, *and* Ang.

Bell. Yes, Women are unintelligible to the moſt piercing and quick-ſighted: Nothing is ſincere in whatever they ſay or do: They are all Artifice and Diſguiſe; reſolving and altering without Sence or Reaſon; nothing is conſtant either in their Minds, or in their Bodies. As theſe are a Prey to Age and Infirmities, ſo are thoſe to every frivolous Intereſt and idle Temptation. Their Love is never ſo firm and well-eſtabliſh'd, but it is ſacrific'd every hour to their Folly, or their Pride.——

Lucin. Enough, enough, Mr. *Bellamour*,— if theſe are your Opinions of our Sex, how are you to be believ'd, when you ſay you love us? For how can any thing ſo deform'd, as you deſcribe Women, be belov'd?

Bell. There is a ſecret Enchantment in your Perſons, that bewitches us to our own Deſtruction.— Inconſtant *Lucinda*, after ſo many obliging Encouragements! Why was this cruel Letter ſent me this morning.

READS.

YOU have been too confident of my Conſent; preſume no longer on my Aunts Authority: My Heart is yet my own, and while it continues ſo, my Perſon ſhall never be diſpos'd of. —— *Come not near me to day.*

Speaks.] Why am I thus abus'd?

Lucin. Come not near me to day.—— Mark that command. Why am I diſobey'd?

Bell. If any miſtake has happen'd to cauſe this Alteration, or if in ought unknowing I've tranſgreſt, may I not be permitted to clear my Innocence?

Lucin. To make your ſelf more guilty, is that to clear your Innocence? I will have you take notice, that I expect to be obey'd in every trifle: Let my Commands ſeem never ſo unjuſt or unreaſonable, I ſay, I will be obey'd; nor will I have my Lover dare to examine the reaſon of what I do, but ſubmit patiently, and expect with Reſignation: While I am your Miſtreſs, learn to behave your ſelf like my Vaſſal; when I am your Wife, you may have your Revenge.

[*Re-enter* Lady Dorimen, Angelica, *and* Sir Toby.]

Sir Toby. Well, I'll ſay't, of a Critick, my *Lady Dorimen*'s the Critick of Criticks.

Bell. aſide to *Luc.*] There is a ſecret Myſtery in your Words and Actions, that muſt be explain'd,—— but this is no time for it,—— your Company returns. —— I know not how to ſuſpect your Virtue, and therefore I entreat you, Madam, if I have in any thing ignorantly offended, condemn me not unheard. [*Bows, and is going.*

Lady Dor. Stealing off: Mr. *Bellamour*, do we drive you away?

Bell. I beg your Ladiſhip to excuſe me, I will wait on you the next turn.

[*Seems to go out, but turns ſhort, and talks aſide to the Maid.*

Lady Dor.

Lady Dor. Neice, What have you been doing to Mr. *Bellamour*? he ſeem'd to leave us in a ſtrange Diſorder.

Ang. He looks already with the careful Face of a Marry'd Man.

Lucin. He's in one of his ſplenatick Fits: 'Tis an Affectation the Men have got to diſguiſe ill Humour, and ill Manners.

Ang. See, he's return'd, and is whiſpering with your Maid.

Sir Toby. Giving her ſome private Directions, Madam, where you may ſee the Pearl Necklace, the Diamond Lockets and Pendants, and the Plate for your Toilet that are to be preſented upon the Wedding-day.

Ang. That if there is any thing amiſs, ſuch Alterations may be made before-hand as are ſuitable to your own Fancy.

Lucin. Rather bribing my Maid, to diſcover to him who are my Viſitants, what Correſpondences I keep, and a thouſand ſuch jealous enquiries.

[Plackett *talking aſide to* Bellamour.

Plac. He a Rival! what ſhou'd my Miſtreſs do with ſuch a Whiffler? He ſignifies no more to a Woman, than a Fly to a Camel.

Bell. Mrs. *Plackett*, I repoſe entirely upon your Sincerity, and ſhall gratefully reward all your Services.

[*Exit* Bellamour.

Lady Dor. Plackett come hither; what has Mr. *Bellamour* been whiſpering to you?

Plac. Nothing, Madam, but only to know whether my young Lady deſigns for the Play or the Park, that he may accordingly order his buſineſs to be where ſhe is to be ogl'd.

Lady Dor. Some ſuch amorous Enquiry I durſt have ſworn -- Neice, is not our time come to be going?

Lucin. When your Ladyſhip pleaſes.

Ang. The Park, Madam, is ſtill full——

Lady Dor.

Lady Dor. An invincible Neceſſity obliges us at this time.

Ang. That Invincible Neceſſity is Infinitely Diſobliging.

Sir Toby. We muſt not part, Madam, but at your Coach-ſide.

Ang. Sir Toby, you are one of thoſe happy Men who have leave to go any where with the Ladies.

Sir Toby. Ay Child, they'll let me go as far as their Lap-Dogs or Squirrels, the Doctor or the Midwife. Alas! I may peep where I pleaſe: An Old Man is like a Beaſt tam'd, my Paw frights no Body.

[*Exeunt, leading the Ladies.*]

The End of the Firſt Act.

ACT

A C T the Second.

SCENE I.

The Scene of the PARK continues.

Enter Frederick, Diana, Meliſſa, Dorinda, Miranda.

Fred. LOVE is an univerſal Invader: Whatever Women pretend, they are all ſenſible alike; the beſt Livers as much as the looſeſt Proſtitutes; only with this difference, thoſe whom we call Virtuous and Chaſte, have more Pride, or a greater force of Diſſimulation.

Dia. Really, Brother, you'r a ſtrange Man: I ſay 'tis impoſſible for a Woman to be in Love, and I'll maintain it.

Mel. In Love! Lord, with what! with a filthy Man! Phogh.

Dor. With a ſtiff Beard, that fetches Blood with every Kiſs.

Mel. A great pot Belly, a broad Back, and huge Legs and Arms, enough to ſqueeze one to pieces.

Fred. There is another ſort of Man, my good Siſters, that, perhaps, may not be ſo diſagreeable: I mean your ſmooth Beaux, who's as tender and gentle as any Lady; always trickt and perfum'd like a Lady; and were it not for his Breeches, a very Lady.

Dia. Really I ſhould as ſoon have a Paſſion for a Shadow.

Mir. Truly, Siſters, methinks you'r too nice; I have ſeen very proper handſom Men of all ſorts and ſizes.

Dia.

Dia. Really, Sister, such a Confession do's not become the mouth of one who values her Reputation.

Mel. Men are odious Creatures I vow, and I'll live and die in the Assertion.

Fred. Young *Courtall* will soon make Proselytes of you all.

Dia. He! Harmless insignificant Thing.

Fred. One of you, if you love me, must love him. I have already told you how passionately I adore his Sister, and that he has promis'd to put me in possession of her, when ever one of you four will consent to be his Wife. Upon this Article depends my Life and Happiness; if not perform'd, I am miserable; but if perform'd, am blest for ever.

Dia. To save a Brother's life, really much shou'd be done; but, I vow, a Man is strangely my Aversion.

Mel. True; Sister; but when a Brother's Life's in Jeopardy.

Fred. To day he has promis'd to determine which of the four is most his inclination; wherefore I beseech her, whom ever it is he fixes upon, to consider she has a Brother's Life and Fortune in her hands.

Dia. If I am the Person, really I cannot agree to it, unless you confess that you are verily persuaded that I consent out of pure Love and Kindness to you, and not any Carnal Affection to the Man —— And I don't at all doubt but I am the Person.

Mel. You the Person?

Dor. Sure he has more Wit than to chuse the Oldest.

Dia. The Oldest? You insipid Creature ——

Fred. Pray cease these untimely Dissentions.

Enter a Boy to Frederick.

Boy. Mr. *Courtall*, Sir, is at your Honour's house, and has directed me to acquaint the young Ladies, that he will wait there till they have done walking.

Fred. Tell him they are coming —— [*Exit Boy.* Your Lover is waiting for you at home; I find he cannot be very disagreeable to you, since you are so ready to quarrel for him.

Dia.

Dia. For him! Really, Brother, if you think ſo, I will concern my ſelf no more in this Affair; my Siſters might fall out for the Man, but I vow my Diſorder proceeded from nothing but an inordinate deſire to be the Inſtrument of your happineſs.

Fred. Pray no more words ——— Go home, agree among your ſelves, and make me happy, by making *Courtall* ſo.

[*Exeunt Women.*

How awkardly we ſtrive to conceal our Paſſions! [*Solus.* And how apparent is the Love of theſe Women, in ſpight of their affected Averſion! It is as hard to hide True Love, as it is to diſſemble Feign'd. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir John Aery *and* Vaunter.

Sir J. Aery. Lucinda to be marry'd to *Bellamour!* Geddemme', as I hope to be ſav'd, ſure ſhe wont ſerve me ſo: But hang't, all Women are Jilts, and I don't care this pinch of Snuff who has her.

Vaun. Nor I, Beged; for I have taken pains to make the Town believe I have had her, and, Beged, that's all I deſire with any Woman.

Sir J. Aery. And, Demme, ſhe has made me believe a thouſand times that I ſhou'd have her; for by all the great Geds and the little, ſhe never ſees me, but ſhe laughs full in my face; and if to ſmile is a ſign of being pleas'd, Beged to laugh is at leaſt as much again.

Vaun. Well interpreted, dear *Sir Jecky*, Beged; for where-ever I go, I obſerve every body laugh, and I always us'd to take it for an Affront.

Sir J. Aery. That's very fooliſh, Geddemme: Now, I never take any thing for an Affront. If a Man calls me Son of a Whore, Beged I always take it for a mark of familiarity and kindneſs. If any one kicks, or gives me a Box on the Ear, I take it all in good part. A very good Jeſt, i'faith, and I laugh till I hold my ſides.

Vaun. Thou'rt i'th' right, Beged; for why the Devil ſhou'd I ſuppoſe any Man would affront a Man of my parts? Beged, 'tis leſs'ning one's ſelf, and I thank thee, dear *Jecky*, from my Soul, for reforming me in this Error: But prithee tell me, dear

Aery, didſt thou ever ſpeak to *Lucinda*, that ſhe has given the ſuch hopes?

Sir J. Aery. Speak to her, Geddemme', No: Was ever any thing ſo fooliſh? What ſignifies ſpeaking? If ſpeaking wou'd do, why none but Men of Senſe wou'd be happy; and when the Devil didſt thou ever know a Man of Senſe well receiv'd by a Woman?

Vaun. That's true, by all the great Geds and the little; for I have obſerv'd all my life, that my Gilt Coach and Six Horſes, and Footmen in Lace-Liveries, have got me more Women, than all my fine Speeches; and, Beged, I know what to ſay too as well as another.

Sir J. Aery. Geddemme, Paux there is more Rhetorick in a Tune on the Flute paſſionately play'd, or a Song languiſhingly humour'd, than in all *Cicero*. And thô I can ſpeak Senſe as well as another, yet, Demme, I'm too well bred to offend the Ladies--But prithee, dear *Vaunter*, tell me how thou haſt made the Town believe thou haſt had *Lucinda*; for, Beged, that's a pretty ſort of Vanity that I ſhou'd be exceeding fond of.

Vaun. Why, Beged, no otherwiſe than thus: At Church, I always ſit in the ſame Pew; at the Play, in the ſame Box; at the Muſick-meeting, I contrive to be the next Man to her, and never fail to lead her out upon all theſe occaſions. In the Park, I turn as ſhe turns; I go out, when ſhe goes out; I drive by her Coach, then ſtop, and go ſoftly, till ſhe goes by again; then gallop, Beged, till I overtake her once more; and ſo twenty times together, ogling like a Devil, till I ſee where ſhe alights, there I alight too; and, Beged, ſhe never makes a Viſit, but I am up Stairs as ſoon as ſhe. The World takes notice of theſe Aſſiduities, and being always glad of any opportunity to defame, my happineſs is every where publiſht; my Friends give me joy of my ſucceſs, which I receive with an O Gad, why ſhou'd you think ſo? What can a Woman ſee in me? This Town is a ſtrange place, that a man can do nothing in ſecret, Geddemme, I can't imagin how this came to be found out; for, beged, I took all the care in the World to be diſcreet, but theſe fooliſh Women always betray themſelves—And ſo, Geddemme, half avowing, and half denying, I palm my ſelf upon a Woman——

Sir J. Aery.

Sir J. Aery. That wou'd ſooner ſpit in thy face, than let thee kiſs her ——

Vaun. Ha! Ha! Ha! Right, Geddemme, as I hope to be ſav'd, by all the great Geds and the little, and a very good Jeſt it is; and thus I got the Name of the Ladies fine Gentleman.

Sir J. Aery. But prithee, dear *Vaunter*, wilt not thou look like an Aſs, when the world knows another man has got thy ſuppos'd Miſtreſs from thee?

Vaun. Demme not at all, for I'll ſwear I gave my conſent, and that the Fool has nothing but my leavings; and that I was ſeeking ſome handſom occaſion to get rid of her, and, beged, you know the Town is always ready to believe any ill that's ſaid of a Woman: But however, Geddemme, if I cou'd meet with this *Bellamour*, I ſhou'd be provok'd to forbid the Banes, beged, by mincing the Dog to Atoms.

Sir J. Aery. Say'ſt thou ſo, Bully-Rock, beged yonder he comes—And but that it wou'd not be like men of Honour for two to fall upon one, I'd ſtay and help thee; ſo, dear *Vaunter*, fare thee well.

Vaun. Demme, *Aery*, thou wilt not leave me ſo —— See, there comes a ſpruce Prigg with him, that thou ſhalt mince.

Sir J. Aery. I'm heartily ſorry, dear *Vaunter*, that I can't ſerve thee; but, Beged, I engag'd my perſon but laſt Night to a great Lady for all this day, and my perſon not being my own at this time, dear Rogue, you muſt needs excuſe me. Beſides, my Lady *Gobble* tipt me the Wink juſt now to follow her.

Vaun. Now I think better on't, why a Devil ſhou'd I make a noiſe of this matter? that wou'd look to the world like reſenting ſome diſappointment; and, Demme, I ſcorn the world ſhou'd think I was ever diſappointed —— But I'll tell thee what I'll do better, I'll write her a Letter by the Penny-Poſt, that ſhall give ſuch a Character of him as ſhall infallibly do his buſineſs; ſo, dear *Aery*, let's about it, and then come back, and rally the poor Dog to death. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bellamour *and* Angelica.

Bell. Women grow troubleſom when they are ſo fond: Your Couſin *Angelica* might have ſpar'd you this trouble; I'd as live ſee a Ghoſt, as receive a remembrance from a Caſt Miſtreſs.

Ang. You ſay you lov'd her once, and it is by that Love ſhe now conjures you not to give way to any other Paſſion which will make her deſperate, and you perjur'd.

Bell. I ſhou'd be ſorry to make a Lady deſperate; but if to change a Miſtriſs is Perjury, who is innocent?

Ang. What Reaſon can you give for your change?

Bell. Faith none at all: Our Inclinations are our Maſters, and we wander but as our Stars lead us; if they are falſe Lights, and ſhew us out of the way, let them anſwer for't. It was my fortune to ſee *Angelica*, and to love her. It was my fortune to be abſent from her, and to forget her: What is there new in all this? I confeſs ſhe has Beauty and Wit, and I wiſh her a great deal of Happineſs; but there is a Luck which over-rules all, the deſerving are not always the ſucceſsful.

Ang. Sure Fortune will never ſide with Falſhood and Perjury——

Bell. O you miſtake Fortune: Fortune is, as it were, an Hoſpital for Villany and Folly, where all are provided for, whom Nature has maim'd and disfigur'd. Mark every rude unpoliſh'd Owl you meet, he's ſure to be ſome Minion of Fortune's; and every nauſeous ill-favour'd Hagg, is not her Name a Fortune? The Children of this World have all different Portions; ſome have Wit, others Beauty: But where there is no Merit to be found, thoſe have Fortune, which is the Cordial Drop preſcrib'd by Providence to comfort 'em, for the ſeverity and unkindneſs of Nature.

Ang. And ſo by conſequence, becauſe my Couſin *Angelica* has ſome merit, therefore ſhe muſt be unfortunate.

Bell.

Bell. Beſides, to confeſs the truth, I cannot but think two years Abſence has made as great an Alteration in her, as in me: Women are ſeldom behind-hand with us, and two years was time enough for a Woman to have chang'd two dozen of Lovers.

Ang. And is this the beſt Anſwer ſhe is to expect from you?

Bell. It is. Yet, if you pleaſe, you may give it ſome kinder turn: I would not deal too roughly with one whom I had once lov'd, and whoſe Beauty and Virtues I ſtill admire; therefore, pray, chuſe the gentleſt terms you can to comfort her, and adviſe her to forget one who cannot but confeſs he has been ungrateful.

Ang. And if 'tis poſſible, ſhe ſhall hate as much as ever ſhe lov'd you.

Bell. Not hate me: I would not have her hate me, only not love ſo much; and not injure her ſelf by any extravagance of Paſſion, nor by any over-fondneſs be burthenſome to me.

Enter Sir J. Aery *and* Vaunter.

Sir J. Aery. Ha, *Bellamour!* Give thee Joy, dear Rogue; give thee Joy. The Town ſays thou'rt going to be marry'd, 'tis talk'd of, Geddemme, by every body at the Chocolate-houſe.

Vaun. By all the great Geds, and the little, is the Man poſſeſt, to condemn himſelf for all the Days and Nights of his Life, to one body; to be bound never to change her, tho ſhe change never ſo much, tho ſhe grows never ſo old, ſo odious, ſo ſtinking, and ill-favour'd, phogh, Geddemme', to live under an eternal Perſecution?

Sir J. Aery. Let me be torn by wild Horſes, wrack'd alive, bury'd quick; but ſave me, Heaven, ſave me from this Holy Inquiſition, call'd Marriage, beged.

Ang. aſide. Theſe Fools for once may be uſeful; I'll encourage the humour. —— Do not you know, Mr. *Bellamour*, that let the Perſon be never ſo lovely, or ſo much belov'd, as ſoon as ſhe becomes your Wife, the Charm ends? Like enchanted Palaces that we approach with admiration, but in the inſtant when we think we are entring into Paradiſe, we find our ſelves in ſome dark Dungeon inhabited by Toads and Adders.

Sir J. Aery.

Sir J. Aery. Do not you know, Geddemme', that let a Perſon be never ſo much an Angel before Enjoyment, ſhe is the Devil afterwards?

Ang. Perhaps, by the continual preſence of the Perſon, by conſidering her deliberately, and examining her in all Lights, we find many things wanting to our firſt Expectation. Perhaps a quiet and peaceable Enjoyment of any thing makes it the leſs valued: Or it may be, by a frequent and cuſtomary Commerce, the Pleaſures of the Sence loſe their quickneſs and vivacity.

Vaun. Women are Riddles, Geddemme, paſt all expounding.

Ang. To day they are one thing.

Sir J. Aery. To morrow another.

Vaun. Conſtant to nothing.

Ang. A Compound of Whimſies, toſs'd to and fro by as many Humours, as the Ocean by Winds.

Sir J. Aery. Geddemme, there is no Woman's mind, but is paſt a Man's underſtanding.

Vaun. There is no being certain of what is always uncertain, beged.

Ang. And in a Country full of Precipices, who but Mad-men will leap blindfold? In a word, I can imagine no ſuch lively Emblem of Marriage, as the Puniſhment for Parricides among the Ancients; where the offender was ſow'd into a Bag with a Monkey, a Dog, and a Serpent; theſe three Companions truly repreſent the Character of a Wife; who is an eternal Chatterer, and full of tricks like a Monkey; or howling and ſnarling like a Dog; or with a forked Tongue and invenom'd Teeth, ſtinging and biting like a Serpent.

Sir J. Aery. But perhaps the poor Dog has a mind to a Son and Heir, and to ſee himſelf growing up in a little Monkey-fac'd Repreſentative; but, hark ye, my dear Friend *Bell.* take this ſaying of the Poet's along with you, and treaſure it up;

Though Solomon *with a thouſand Wives,*
To get a wiſe Succeſſor, ſtrives;
But one, and he a Fool, ſurvives. Geddemme.

Bell.

Bell. Gentlemen, I thank you; I was once beginning to be very angry, but I find ſo much reaſon in your Remonſtrances, that I eſteem my ſelf much oblig'd to you. The Counſel of Fools is not to be deſpis'd when 'tis good; and ſo your Servant. [*Exit* Bellamour.

Sir J. Aery. Geddemme', Fools! who do's the unmannerly Puppy mean?

Vaun. Beged, not me; for all the World knows I am none.

Ang. I am much miſtaken, Gentlemen, if he did not mean you both. (*aſide*) Two ſuch Originals I never ſaw.

Sir J. Aery. Demme, a very ſmart Lad. —— Dear Rogue, let me kiſs thee.

Vaun. Ay, dear Rogue, let me kiſs thee, for thou and I muſt be better acquainted. Beged, thou'rt a Rump-Jewel for a Prince.

Ang. By your leave, Gentlemen, theſe Lips are reſerv'd for better occaſions.

Sir J. Aery. Ah, *le petit Malitieux!* I never ſaw a *Steenkirk* better put on.

Enter Sir Toby *and* Philabel.

Vaun. Sir Toby Cuſtle, my moſt Illuſtrious Patron, great Maſter of the Myſteries of Pimperlimpimp, Geddemme', your humble Servant.

Sir J. Aery. My dear Brother Knight Baronet, your humble Servant, beged.

Sir Toby. Adzookers, when I have ſuch Servants, they ſhall never be ſeen without broken heads.

Sir J. Aery. A very good Jeſt; by the great Geds and the little. —— Let me kiſs thee.

Sir Toby. Stand off you Cur, —— thy Breath ſmells farther than a Brick-kiln.

Sir J. Aery. Demme', thou'rt ſo plaguy witty. —— But, what Fool do'ſt think I have been rallying to Death?

Sir Toby. I ſee no Fool, adzooks, here, but *Vaunter.*

Sir J. Aery. No, Demme, a greater Fool than *Vaunter.*

Sir Toby. Thy ſelf.

Sir J. Aery

Sir J. Aery. Thou'lt make me angry one time or other with these true Jests, Geddemme.

Sir Toby. Geddemme thou li'st, thou can'st not be angry. [*He Canes him.*

Sir J. Aery. Nay, prithee don't be so damnable witty: Pox, I hate these Jests that make one's Sides ake without Laughing.

Ang. Spare him, good *Sir Toby*, for this time, he has been lately very useful.

Sir J. Aery. By your leave, Geddemme, I'll tell my own Merits. You must know then, *Bellamour* has been here; poor Fellow, how we rally'd him; never was Dog with a Bottle at his Tail so persecuted: For as you know, and as all the Town knows, for if 'twere a Secret no body should know, and how it came not to be a Secret, Geddemme if I know; for upon these occasions I am always Mum;——— but Women, beged, are strange indiscreet Things, and a Man can't be always stopping their Mouths, Geddemme.——

Vaun. Dear Rogue, now I adore him, he speaks like an Angel, beged.

Sir J. Aery. As I was saying then, to omit all farther Tropes and Figures, Circumstance of Elocution, and Flower of Circumlocution.— *Bellamour* is going to be married to *Lucinda.*— Now this *Lucinda*, beged, *Vaunter* and I have had twenty times.——

Vaun. Ay, beged, a thousand, whenever we thougt fit, by the great Geds and the little.

Phil. Why, you Brace of Toads, whose Breath is poyson.——

Sir Toby. Ye Vermine, that live by gnawing upon the Reputation of Ladies.— [*They beat 'em.*

Sir J. Aery and *Vaunter.*] Demme, no more of these Jests, or we'll keep you Company no longer. [*They run out.*

Phil Rascals,——— Vipers.———

How unhappy are Women, whose Fame depends on the Breath of such Fools!

Sir Toby. Rather unhappy, adzooks, for trusting their Fame with such Fools. And now, Noble Collonel, give me leave to present you to this young Friend of mine;——— a pretty Fellow, as you see, and worth a better acquaintance. This my little

little Spark of Love, is Collonel *Philabel*, a brave metled Fellow, newly arrived from *Flanders*, where he has been moſt Heroickly, adzooks, learning to ride —— the Flying-horſe in a *Dutch* Troop.

Phil. I ſhall be glad of your Acquaintance, Sir, and deſire to be look'd upon as your Friend.

Sir Toby. Pox o' Speeches, —— Kiſs you Rogues, —— Kiſſing makes the beſt Friends; —— one Kiſs is worth half a dozen Speeches; Pox o' Speeches, —— would 'twere a Girl, old *Phil.* gad I'd hold the Door, tho 'twere my own Daughter.

Ang. Well ſaid old Iniquity.— Thou haſt nick'd it, if thou knew'ſt all.

Phil. Now Gentlemen, that I may not be abſolutely a Stranger to this Town, inſtruct me how this Side of the World is alter'd ſince I left it; What are the Diverſions in Vogue? How do the Men behave themſelves? And how are the Ladies to be govern'd?

Sir Toby. Why, faith, the Men are as abominable Rogues as ever, always Drunk, and always Pox'd, begad; nothing is heard of but Tavern-brawls and Midnight Rapes and Murders; nothing to be met but Sharpers and Cullies, Pickpockets and Politicians, Cutpurſes and Lawyers; Parſons that point out Roads they ne're go; Phyſicians that preſcribe what they never take; Courtiers that promiſe what they never perform; Colonels that tell of Battels they never ſaw; Beauxs that lye with Women they never could come near; Pocky Lords, Bloated Commoners, and Pale-fac'd Catamites.

Phil. Moſt illuſtriouſly ſum'd up; —— but the Women, *Sir Toby*, the Women.

Sir Toby. Why, of them too, there are of all ſorts, good and bad. —— Good, did I ſay, very few good, but very Devout, and great frequenters of St. *James*'s Church; whoever goes that Road, can't fail of Heaven, at leaſt of Heavenly Joys.

Phil. None are ſo Devout, I hope, as to renounce the Pleaſures and Converſations of the World.

Sir Toby. No, ne'er trouble your ſelf, the Saints themſelves have failings; human Fleſh is frail. So you lift up one hand to Heaven, you may lift up the Petticoat with t'other: Let their

Heads be never ſo full of Devotion, the Devil is ſure to be in their Tails.

Phil. But which are the ways moſt in practice and obſerv'd to be moſt prevailing over their frailty.

Sir Toby. Why Money, adzooks, nothing like Money; be free of your Purſe, and your Preſents, your Settlements, and your Jointures, and you may be as free as you pleaſe, with whom you pleaſe: *All, all* are *Danaes*, by this Light; and the Golden Raviſher is never deni'd entrance.

Phil. This indeed is a great incroachment upon Love: In matters of Love, Love only ſhould prevail.

Sir Toby. Thus we have been ſo long ill us'd by the Sex: There are ſo many Examples of Eſtates Mortgag'd, and honeſt Fellows undone by their Treachery and Expenſiveneſs, that we begin to leave 'em off, and reſolve to ſtick to one another. For my own part, I am reſovl'd not to care one farthing for the Sex more, not I, igad, *Bacchus* ſhall have all my Gold.

Phil. And *Venus* ſhall never ſtarve while I can furniſh her; you old Fellows always rail at Pleaſures you are paſt. Nothing reliſhes when the Appetite is gone. For my part, I have quite another Idea of the Sex; at leaſt, I will delay cenſuring till I have examin'd into *Lucinda*'s Truth: If *Lucinda* has been falſe, I will then turn Railer like you, and conclude the worſt of 'em all.

Ang. See here, an Informer for your purpoſe;— Mrs. *Placket* can give you the beſt Intelligence of that.

Enter Placket.

Phil. Mrs. *Placket*, I am overjoy'd to ſee you.

Plack. Mr. *Philabel*, you are welcome from the Wars. My young Lady is diſtracted to ſee you; —— ſhe has been in ſuch frights for you, poor thing, —— but was over-joy'd to hear how well you carried your ſelf in the laſt Battle.——

Sir Toby. How well his Horſe carri'd him, adzooks, thou mean'ſt.

Plack. This Note will better inform you. [*Delivers a Note.*

Phil. Reads.]

Phil. Reads.] *Be not surpriz'd at any Discourse you may hear of me in the Town: I am the same you left me, and shall be pleas'd to find no Alteration in you. If you think it worth your while, you may see me this Afternoon at my Aunts.*

Ang. aside.] *Lucinda* returning to an old Lover;—— that's good news.—— Now for some trick to secure the Aunt against *Bellamour*;—— but that one shove more, and Fortune I adore thee.

Phil. If this Kindness is sincere, why was *Bellamour* so well receiv'd in my absence?

Plack. Why don't you know that the best receiv'd are seldom the most welcome, and that the Civilities a Woman shews in publick to one Man, are only to cover private Familiarities with another?

Phil. And my *Lady Dorimen*, we may have leave to wait upon her too?

Plac. Yes; this is her Day.

Phil. Her Day! for what?

Plack. Why to receive Visits: All your great Ladies keep their days for Visitants.

Sir Toby. And so by laying apart one Day for publick Ceremony, all the rest of the Week is secur'd for private Intrigue.

Phil. The Men and Women all visit the same day?

Plack. They have different Methods; my Lady has days apart. This is her day for the Men.

Phil. Very fine. And so we visit as we go into the *Bagnio*, where the Men and Women have their particular days of admittance.

Sir Toby. And find hotter Work in some of their Ruels, adzooks, than in any *Bagnio* in Town. —— What think you Mrs. *Placket* of my young Friend here? he's most desperately in Love with my *Lady Dorimen*.

Plack. That's desperate indeed: Alas, such little Gentlemen may pass upon unexperienc'd Persons; but Widows have Beef-stomacks, such a Chick is not half a mouthful.—— The *French-*

man is now dreſſing my Lady's Head; he has been yet but two hours about it, in two more you may make your Viſit; till when, Gentlemen, your Servant, I will be ſure to make all your Complements.

Phil. Fare ye well good Mrs. *Placket.* [*Exit Placket.* Now let's adjourn to ſome Place, where I may caſt this filthy Camp-Coat, take one encouraging Glaſs, and then for Love and the Ladies.

Sir Toby. I'll go before, taſte ſome Wine, and beſpeak a reliſhing Bit.

Phil. *Thus Heroe-like, we from the Wars remove,*
To crown our Toils, and ſtill that Crown is Love.

[*Exeunt.*

The End of the Second Act.

ACT

ACT the Third.

SCENE I.

Lady Dorimen *at her Toilette. A Frenchman dreſſing her Head. Women with* Indian *Silks, and* China *Ware. Page, and Waiting-Women knotting Fringe.*

Frenchman. ONE, two, tree Story more, begar, and dat be ver vell.

Lad. Dor. Not quite ſo high, Monſieur, I ſhan't be able to get into my Chair, nor my Coach; nor come in, or go out at doors, without leaving ſome of my Head behind me.

Frenchman. Dat be no my fault begar: me no make de ſhaire, nor de coche, nor de dore: me dreſs de Head, and me mos ſhow all mine arts. Parbleu, let de dam Bricklaer Engliſe make de houſe fit for de Ladies head: me no make de Head for de houſe.

Lad. Dor. My Head's in your hands, do with it as you pleaſe.

Frenchman. Me doe defy de valet de Chambre of de vole Chriſten Vorld, to ajuſte de Commode, ty de Fontange, handle de Petticoate, or put on de Smock begar——

Lad. Dor. You think your ſelf in your own Country, the *Engliſh* Ladies don't give ſo great Privileges.

Frenchman. Ha! Ha! Dat be ver good Jeſt—Parbleu, now we be come to de Englis Head, Ve ſhall ſoon come to de—— Ay, begar, dat Ve ſhall.

Enter

Enter Plackett.

Plack. Sir Toby, Madam is coming up: All your Viſitants will be here before your *Frenchman* will have done.

Frenchman. Patience, Patience. Me bot ajoute de Jardiniere, and de Sortis, and put on de Aſſaſſinat, and me make done.

Lad. Dor. Pray diſpatch.

Frenchman. 'Tis make don: And now, begar, der be no Lady in *France* nor *England* more Propre —— Parbleu, your Ladyſhip be de ver beautiful Lady; de *Engliſs* Lady be ver handſom, begar.

Lad. Dor. Your Ten Guinea's are upon the Table.

Frenchman. Ah! Madam —— Votre tres humble Valeet —— De honour of ſerving de *Engliſs* Lady, be more dan de profit— [*Aſide.*] Now, begar, me vill go into *Hollande*, and make de Farce of de *Engliſs* Lady vid deir greate Top-Knot; me have got deir mony, and now me vill laugh at dem vid all mine 'earts. Ha! Ha! Ha! [*Exit* Frenchman.

Firſt Ind. Woman. Pray be pleas'd, Madam, to order us to be paid before *Sir Toby* comes up.

Second Ind. Woman. We had rather loſe our money, than be expos'd to his foul-mouth'd Raillery.

Enter Sir Toby.

Sir Toby repeating.
Th' adorning thee with ſo much Art,
Is but a barbarous Skill:
'Tis like the poyſ'ning of a Dart,
Too ap't before to kill.

What! adzooks, always theſe Pedlars at your Toilette.

Ind. Women. Pedlars! adzooks, no more than your Worſhip's a Pimp, if you go to that.

Sir

Sir Toby. The Orange Women ſwear they'll pull you to pieces, ſince a Note in a Tea-Pot is found more ſecure, than at the bottom of a Basket of Fruit.

Ind. Women. That's your Worſhip's quarrel to us: you'd have no body ſeduc'd but by your ſelf——Pray, Madam, bid Mrs. *Plackett* pay us.

Lad. Dor. Give them their money—— But hark' ye, Mrs. *Tamoway*, for the future, be ſure you bring me right *Indian*, I abominate your *Dutch* Trumpery.

Ind. Women. God bleſs your Honour, we will Madam.

[*Exeunt* Indian *Women with their Bundles.*

Lady Dor. Bring *Sir Toby* a Chair——and wait within call. [Sir Toby *ſits, then ſpeaks.*

Sir Toby. Your Piquette Friend will be here inſtantly, Madam, according to your direction: He is already ſo charm'd with your Ladyſhip, that if you are not merciful in time, his heart will break, quite break; poor thing, he is juſt at the point of death.

Lad. Dor. 'Tis much for a Lady's Honour to have a Lover die.

Sir Toby. True, Madam; but then let thoſe die you don't care for: Thô it may be for your Glory to triumph over ſome, yet for your Pleaſure you ſhou'd be kind to others——And this is the pretticſt loving little Rogue——Adzooks 'twere a thouſand Pities to let him come to any harm.

Lad. Dor. But ſuppoſe he ſhou'd be one of thoſe modeſt Fools, (for he is very young, *Sir Toby*) who thô they are never ſo much in Love, yet have not the courage to ſpeak out their minds.

Sir Toby. Why ſuppoſe he ſhou'd, why then you muſt take ſome opportunity to ſqueeze him by the hand; or by ſome ſly Inſinuation with your eyes, inform him that he need fear nothing. Or what if you ſhou'd ſpeak firſt, is any thing more common? Beſides, when Women through Decency, as they call it, are ſilent; and Men through fear, how the Devil ſhall they ever come together? If you obſerve your Spark to be bold and undertaking, then indeed you may ſeem ſhy; but if he is timorous, and under any awe, you muſt do ſomething to give him

him Courage, or you ſpoil all. Come, come, adzooks, the Women of this Age are not to be taught theſe *Leſſons*.

Lad. Dor. Fy! I bluſh for the Follies of my Sex.

Sir Toby. Bluſhing do's infinitely become your Ladyſhip—Then there is the Secret of Secrets, the Never-failing Elixir of Love——

Lad. Dor. Hold, hold, *Sir Toby*——may it become my Modeſty to hear it?

Sir Toby. Adzooks, I don't know what your Modeſty may be; but if 'tis ſo troubleſom, I can hold my Tongue.

Lad. Dor. No, no, ſpeak; you'r too well bred, to ſay any thing you ſhou'd not.

Sir Toby. Then this mighty Secret is Keeping. The Men naturally love receiving better than paying; and ſince ſome great Ladies of late have us'd them to it, it is with great difficulty that they part with their very Halfcrown, or give the poor Chambermaid her Fee.

Lad. Dor. A Woman, and Keep! O hideous!

Sir Toby. Ay, igad, or reſolve to lie alone. Why yonder's my Lady *Homely*, 'tis hard to remember when ſhe was young, and yet her doors are always blockt up with Coaches and Chairs; whil'ſt in the mean time my Lady *Lovely* ſcarce receives a Viſit from morning to night, and yet is the moſt beautiful Woman in Town.

Lad. Dor. And what ſay you is the Reaſon of this?

Sir Toby. The Reaſon is plain: The firſt gives to her Gallants, what the other reſerves for a Portion for a Daughter, or beſtows in charitable Uſes to the Poor. Beſides, it has been always the faſhion for great Ladies when they are a little turn'd of their Prime; and your Ladyſhip is too conſiderable to be out at any thing that's a faſhion.

Lad. Dor. 'Tis true, a Woman of Quality ſhou'd be in all the Faſhions: But pray inform me, how is this Keeping? Do Men of Quality take Money? Or is it by Preſents of Jewels, and ſuch things?

Sir Toby. Nothing like ready Money, adzooks. A thouſand Guinea's in ready Caſh, tickles a young Fellow beyond a Jewel

of

of twice the value: Not but that a Jewel now and then by the by, is a pretty Provocative; but however a ſetled Quarteridge is neceſſary.

Lad. Dor. I proteſt you are a very Learned Perſon.

Sir Toby. Beſides the ſtanding Penſion, there muſt be an allowance too for Extraordinaries: for Example; for Balls at Court, and publick appearances of that kind. At ſuch times, I ſay, the Courtiers will give themſelves to the Devil for a little money, eſpecially in hard times, when Salaries are ill paid.

Lad. Dor. Sir Toby you have convinc'd me; but yet there remains a main Point to be conſider'd, which is, how to impoſe upon the Town. This Town is a prying malicious place; as long as the Town do's not talk, our Honour is ſafe; and as long as our Honour is ſafe, there's no harm done: for 'tis a receiv'd Maxim among us Ladies, That 'tis the Talk, and not the Intrigue, that's the Crime.

Sir Toby. The way to keep the Town Civil, is to be openly Scandalous and Lewd. We never talk out of Averſion to the Guilty, but Spight to the Innocent; and care not to expoſe thoſe who do Ill, but defame thoſe who do Well. Believe me, the only way to gain an ill Reputation, is to live Chaſte; the Town abhors Modeſty and Vertue, but Impudence and Vice are its inſeparable Companions: Be as wicked as you pleaſe, the Town will never expoſe a Friend.

Enter Page.

Page. There's below a young Gentleman deſires to ſpeak with *Sir Toby.*

Sir Toby. I come inſtantly——

[*Exit* Page.

'Tis our Spark, Madam——I'll go down to him, and keep him in diſcourſe 'till you are quite ready.

Lad. Dor. *Sir Toby* your Servant, I'll endeavour to profit by your wife Lecture. [*Exit* Sir Toby.

[*Riſes from her Toilette.*]

Plackett, give me one of my laſt new Fans——No——another; one that has the right Flirt, and rides with an Air. Ay, this without Nudities.

Plack. The Gentleman will be Impatient.

Lad. Dor. I go: Is every thing as it ſhou'd be?

Plack. Moſt exact, Madam.

Lad. Dor. And d'e hear? [*Whiſpers.*

Plack. Who? *Sir John Aery*, and Mr. *Vaunter*, I think you call'd 'em; I will not fail, Madam.

Lad. Dor. This young Thing will want Helps.

Plack. And Fools have an old Saying of their ſide, which makes 'em ſo welcom.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Diana, Meliſſa, Dorinda, Miranda, *and* Conſtantia *ſeeming in Courtſhip with all Four.*

Conſtantia repeating:

Joy ſalutes me when I ſet

My bleſt Eyes on Amoret;

But with Wonder I am ſtruck,

When I on the Others look.

And

And how is it poſſible to chuſe one, when all are engaging alike? If at any time I ſeem enclin'd to the Prudence and nice Honour of *Diana*, the Gaiety and lively Humour of *Meliſſa* comes in view, and with-holds me. And when *Meliſſa* gets ground, ſtrait *Dorinda* interpoſes with her admirable Shape and Mien: And ſo on to the charming *Miranda*, who, with a Song, can turn my fleeting heart which way ſhe pleaſes.

Mir. Sure *Cupid* ſhot you with a Blunderbuſs, four ſuch dreadful Wounds cou'd never be made with a Dart.

Mel. Phoo, 'tis the uſual Ceremony of all Men, to carry themſelves equal to the whole Company; if he had us ſingle, we ſhou'd ſoon know his mind.

Dia. Really my Siſter has obſerv'd with great Prudence: It is likely the Gentleman wou'd be particular, if we were ſingle: Pray Siſters retire, and leave us alone.

Dor. Fy, Siſter, ſure your nice Honour wou'd not permit you to be left alone with a Man.

Mel. I was the firſt who propos'd the Expedient, and will be the firſt to have the benefit of it.

Dia. Really you are very confident; ſure there is ſome Reſpect due to your eldeſt Siſter.

Mel. You might have ſpar'd the remembrance of your age for your own ſake.

Conſt. Pray, Ladies, let not this Debate go any further, I have found out an Expedient to cloſe all. Come in with me, and I will ſeal up four Notes, giving one to each of you, three being Blanks, and the fourth my Determination; which you ſhall deliver, as ſoon as I am gone from you, to your Brother, who ſhall tell you my mind, ſparing me the confuſion.

Dia. No, No; ſince I have once ſaid it, Mr. *Courtall*, really I will be left alone with you.

Conſt. Pray, Madam, conſent to what I have propos'd.

[*Aside to her.*]

You are certain to be my Choice.

Mel. I say again——

Conſt. Dear *Meliſſa* be contented.

[*Aſide to her.*]

They ſhall all have Blanks but you.

Dor. For my part I conſent to leave you together: Elderſhip may be a Plea for Reſpect, but 'tis a very bad one for Love.

Conſt. Peace, good *Dorinda*, and agree to my Method.

[*Aſide to her.*]

The Benefit Ticket ſhall be yours.

Mir. I am clearly for his Opinion in writing, 'tis much the ſureſt way, and not to be retracted.

Conſt. Moſt charming *Miranda* a thouſand Acknowledgments.

[*Aſide to her.*]

You only are the *Venus* among theſe Goddeſſes, the Prize of Beauty ſhall be yours.

[*Aloud.*]

Now Ladies let's in, and proceed to Election; ſure no Lover ſince *Paris* was ever ſo put to it in his Choice.

How hardly do's this Tyrant Cuſtom bind?

Forc'd to chuſe One, to All alike inclin'd.

[*Exeunt.*

Lady

Lady Dorimen, Angelica, Lucinda, and *Philabel* all seated.

SONG in Dialogue.

Thirſis. DELIA, *how long muſt I deſpair,*
And tax you with Diſdain?
Still to my tender Love ſevere,
Relentleſs to my Pain.

Delia. *When Men of equal Merit love us,*
And do with equal Ardor ſue;
Thirſis *you know but one muſt move us,*
Can I be your's and Strephon's *too?*

My raviſh'd Eyes view both with Pleaſure,
Impartial to your high deſert;
To both alike Eſteem I meaſure,
To one alone can give my Heart.

Thirſis. *Myſterious Guide of Inclination,*
Tell me Tyrant, why am I
With equal Merit, equal Paſſion,
Thus the Victim choſen to dye?
Why am I
The Victim choſen to dye?

Delia. *On Fate alone depends Succeſs,*
And Fancy Reaſon over-rules;
Or why ſhould Virtue ever miſs
Reward, ſo often given to Fools.

'Tis not the Handſome, nor the Witty;
But who alone is born to pleaſe:
Love do's predeſtinate our pity;
We chuſe but whom he firſt decrees.

Amy-

Ang. The Words, Ladies, are my own; pray, your Opinion.

Lady Dor. You are a Wit then.

Ang. O! we are all Wits. Pray, Madam, by what celebrated Wits are you viſited? for there is no way to eſtabliſh a Reputation like being a Patron to Men of Parts.

Lady Dor. I love Men of Parts mightily: A Man without Parts is a ſtrange Monſter. I have ſome that are pretty conſtant Viſitants; for Example, the Tranſlator's of *Plutarch*'s Lives, *Juvenal*'s Satyr.——

Ang. Foh, a Lady, and converſe with *Greek* and *Latin* Wits. No, give me your Wits of the Town, who are above Learning; your Wits of Quality that can ſcarce Write or Read; your Lampoon-wits.

Phil. Bold Rogues, that ſpare nothing that's ſacred, not even the Majeſty of Kings; that can make Black, White; and White, Black. Take away the Reputation of the chaſteſt Woman, and give it to the lewdeſt Proſtitute. Call the Man of Senſe, a Fool. And the Man of Honour, a Coward. Make Religion, Apoſtacy. And ſanctify Rebellion and Parricide. Whoſe only Topicks are Scandal, Sedition, and Blaſphemy. And all they contend for, but who ſhall be the greateſt Raſcal, and tell the moſt plauſible Lye behind a Man's back.

Lady Dor. However, I know ſome certain Ladies, who think themſelves neglected, to be left out of a Lampoon; and are proud to have their Names publiſh'd, and to be known, and enquir'd after by the whole Town.

Ang. to *Lucind.* Pray, Madam, did you never write?

Lucin. Who, I, Sir! 'tis not a Talent for a Woman.

Phil. And why not for a Woman, Madam? An Evenings Exerciſe at Crambo, to get the knack of Rhyming, is all that's neceſſary; 'tis no matter for Senſe, who cares for Senſe?

Ang. Beſides there are no pains requir'd, as is plain, for when we take all the pains in the World, 'tis juſt the ſame thing, we write never the better.

Lady

Lady Dor. Mr. *Philabel* you us'd to have good Intelligence; what new Diverſions are preparing for the Town?

Phil. The neweſt thing that I know of, is a Dictionary that's preparing for the Preſs, at the deſire of a certain great Lady, to ſuit our Language to the Modeſty of the fair Sex, and to caſtrate the immodeſt Syllables in ſuch Words as begin and end obſcenely.

Lucinda. Fy, *Philabel*, was ever ſuch an extravagance.

Lady Dor. I vow, a very decent deſign; I have been ſtrangely put out of countenance my ſelf at the beginning and concluſions of ſome certain words.

Phil. There is likewiſe a Cabal of Ladies, who meet daily for the Reformation of good Manners. Another great Grievance is the Nudities upon Fans worſe than the Poſtures of a *Venetian* Snuff-box.

Lady Dor. I know a Lady, that ſhall be nameleſs, whoſe Fans are always painted with filthy naked Boys, and yet for the World, ſhe would not be perſwaded to be ſeen in *Chelſea-Reach* upon a Summers Evening.

Phil. Likewiſe, Madam, a Poet is to loſe his Maidenhead to day upon the Stage.——

Lady Dorimen. Lord! Mr. *Philabel*, what do you mean?

Phil. Nothing, Madam, but that there is a new Play to be acted. A young Fellow has been drawn in to play the Fool without any neceſſity for it.

Ang. How comes your Ladyſhip not to be there? You would ſee rare ſport; there is a Party already engaged to cry it down.

Lucin. How! engag'd to cry down a Play before they knew whether it's good or bad.

Phil. O, no matter for that. I'll tell you their Method; they ſpread themſelves in Parties all over the Houſe; ſome in the Pit, ſome in the Boxes, others in the Galleries, but principally on the Stage; they Cough, Sneeze, talk Loud, and break ſilly Jeſts; ſometimes Laughing, ſome-

ſometimes Singing, ſometimes Whiſtling, till the Houſe is in an Uproar; ſome Laugh and Clap; ſome Hiſs and are Angry; Swords are drawn, the Actors interrupted, the Scene broken off, and ſo the Play's ſent to the Devil.

Lucin. A very compendious Method.

Phil. A new Play never wants Enemies. *Firſt*, All your diſcontented Poets who have been ill-us'd themſelves, are glad of a new Companion; then your Criticks that had not the Reading of the piece before 'twas given to the House, are ſure to Cenſure ſeverely, to be reveng'd for their neglected Judgments. And *laſtly*, All your dreſt Beaux, who revenge upon the Innocent Play the injuries they receive from the Crowd, as the ruffling their Crevats, diſordering their Perukes, and the Sweat that gets the aſcendant of their Eſſence and *Polville*.

Lady Dor. A very rational Account. I confeſs, I have often wonder'd at the ill Succeſs of ſome Plays.

Ang. Now I think on't, Madam, I have waiting below ſome Dancers, that I brought hither for your Ladyſhip's Entertainment; they ſhall ſhow you a Dance that a Friend of mine has compos'd for his Miſtreſs.

Lucin. How, Sir, compos'd for a Miſtreſs! I have heard of Songs compos'd for a Miſtreſs; but a Dance is extreamly new.

Phil. 'Tis fit, Madam, that ſome new ways ſhould be invented to engage the Ladies; 'tis dull to tread always in the ſame path. And nothing is found ſo prevailing as theſe mute Accompliſhments. Writing, and ſaying fine things, have given place to the Caper, the Flute, and the Voice.

Lucin. Some Fool, who had no other way of prevailing, was certainly the firſt that introduc'd thoſe effeminate Accompliſhments.

Phil. Right, Madam, and 'twas as neceſſary, as for thoſe who have ill Smells, to keep up the faſhion of perfumes.——

Ang. Or

Ang. Or, as for Ladies with Pimples to encourage Patching.

L. Dor. Pray let us see the Dance. *(they all rise.*

Ang. Hey! Enter Dance.

Phil. Where are these *Balladins*?

Dance.

Ang. And will not this carry the Lady, d'ye think?

L. Dor. Very Passionate indeed. There are some certain motions in Dancing, extreamly Pathetick and Expressive.

Enter Sir Toby *and* Bellamour.

Sir Toby. You see Madam, I am come again; I am a Man of my word.

L. Dor. You are always so——Mr. *Bellamour*, your Servant. Wou'd you had both come sooner, to have seen the Dance.

Ang. Let not that trouble you, Madam; they are my Friends and at my Devotion, and shall renew the Entertainment, since it proves agreeable to you. Ladies and Gentlemen, the t'other cast of your Office if you please.

(To the Singers and Dancers.

SONG.

SO well Corinna *likes the Joy,*
She Vows, she'll never more be Coy.
She Drinks Eternal Draughts of Pleasure,
Eternal Draughts do not suffice;
Ah! Give me, give me more, she Cryes,
'Tis all too little Measure.

Be wise ye Fair, let Scruples die,
For who but Fools would Pleasure fly,
Like Corinna, *when you've tasted,*
You'll repent that e'er you fasted.

Dance.

Sir Toby. Very fine, extreamly fine —— Mr. *Bellamour* and I Madam, met at the Door, having both the ſame Deſign of waiting on your Ladyſhip. Sir *Toby* ſays he, be pleaſed to go before, I wait on you: Mr. *Bellamour*, ſays I, after you is Manners. Pray, Sir, ſays he, give me leave; by no means, Sir, ſaid I again: And then ſaid he, and then ſaid I, till at laſt, begad, we both came in together, and Adzookers, I have almoſt ſqueez'd off the bottom of my Belly —— Pox of Compliments and ſtrait Doors.

Ang. aſide. Now aid me all the Arts of Woman-kind, Revenge and Jealouſie, till I have vext the Traytor's Heart, as he has abus'd mine.

I wonder, Sir *Toby*, you ſhou'd be ſo Ceremonious, with one to whom you ought to be a ſworn Enemy. I cannot with Patience ſuffer my Friend to be wrong'd, and therefore think my ſelf oblig'd to acquaint you, that this Gentleman has injur'd you.

Bel. ſoftly to him. Hark ye, Sir——

Ang. No, no, all ſhall out, unleſs you ingage before all this Company, to make Reparation for the future.

Sir Toby. Hey Day! Why he never did me any injury. Adzooks, my little *Ganimed's* in the Clouds.

Ang. I'll tell you then in ſhort——

Bell. ſoftly. Hold, or by Heaven ——

Ang. Nay, no threats nor no Whiſpering. This Gentleman, Sir *Toby*, ſome time ſince, made pretenſions to your Daughter, as now Madam, he does to your Neice; but not Pretenſions that were diſhonourable, but confirm'd by Vows and Oaths, till ſhe yielded, at laſt, to be privately Contracted.

L. Dor. How! Contracted!

Luc. Baſe Man.

Bill. Pray harken not to what he ſays; this is the ſtrangeſt Extravagance.

Bil. No, no, pray let's hear all.

Bell. to Ang. Damme, Sir, this Fooling ſhan't paſs ——— a word with you.

Ang.

Ang. No Bribes, no Bribes.

Luc. This muſt be true, he is ſo Concern'd.

Bell. As I hope to be ſav'd, Madam——

Phil. No Swearing, dear Sir, it will Offend the Ladies.

Bell. Damn Swearing, Sir——

L. Dor. and Luc. No quarrelling here, I beſeech you, Gentlemen.

Bell. I remember indeed, a Lady whom I us'd to Viſit in the Countrey; and I confeſs, Sir, your Daughter I think ſhe was.

Sir Toby. O was ſhe ſo, Sir; a Damn'd Villanous Whoring Rogue, this.

Bell. Some words of Gallantry perhaps might eſcape me or a little Love in Jeſt, to paſs the time: Or ſuppoſe it in Earneſt; ſure we may have leave to change once in our Lives; Saints are allow'd it in Religion, when they are Convinc'd of a better.

Sir Toby. But you ſhall not be allow'd it, Sir, pray don't miſtake me, thô I am an old lewd Dog, yet I have ſome Notions Adzooks, that are not amiſs: How many Drunken Blaſpheming Raſcals venture their Lives every Day for Religion, and yet know nothing of any Religion. And ſo Sir, in ſhort, thô I may be a diſhonour my ſelf to my Family, Adzooks, I'll die to maintain the Honour of it.

Bell. I made no Promiſes, but what were meant in Jeſt: Vows and Oaths in Love, are like Counters at Play, we ſet up with 'em, but ne'er mind them when the Games over.

Luc. I am glad I know the value of yours, a very decent Declaration.

L. Dor. If Contracts might be made and broken, as Men change their Affections, Poor Women are like to be happy: Barbarous Ungrateful Creature, let me never ſee your Face again in my Houſe——Oh! I can't endure him.

Ang. aſide. Victoria, Victoria——the Day's my own, and the Enemy is beaten from his hold.

Luc. Such Perjury is never to be Pardon'd. (*aſide*) O happy Accident! I wanted ſome decent pretence to get rid of him, and Fortune has help'd me.

Bell. All things are Faults to those, who seek to find 'em: 'Tis you are Perjur'd, and not I, after having sworn to you; had I engag'd in a new Passion, then I had been false. Now if I am false, 'tis for your sake; 'tis you that made me so, whatever I have been to others, to you my Faith has been inviolable.

Euc. Who can be false to one, 'tis violently to be suspected will be so to another, whenever his Pleasure or his Interest tempts him.

Bell. Confess the truth, and lay aside disguise; impute not to me your Crimes; this Airy, Smooth, Conceited Coxcomb, this Woman's Fool here, has workt into your Heart, and thrust me out; this lucky Robber, in some wanton moment came, and rifled all the Treasure, whilst I, a poor precarious Beggar, ne'er could get the least unvalued Trifle. Gods! Gods! what Appetites have Women, and who can fix 'em? Now for Men of Sense, and now for Coxcombs; and every thing is refus'd or goes down, just as the Minute is, that we lay hold of.

(*Omnes.*) Ha, ha, ha. (*All Laugh.*

Bell. What could you see in this puny Effeminate thing, to Charm you? He can Sing and Dance, Play on the Flute, and Fiddle, there's Woman's Vanity again: She never sees a soft Affected Ass, but she is pleased with the reflection of her own Follies, and admires her self in every Fop, that like a Glass shows her the Image of her own Mind.

Phil. You are Rude, Sir.

Bell. Rude, Sir!

Phil. Ay, Rude Sir, that's English.

Bell. You are an Ass, Sir: Or is it your Soldier here, that Charms you? your Colonel! O how that sounds to please a Ladies Ear! Is it his Red Coat, or his Hoboyes that take you most? what Wounds has he to show you? what Deeds in Battle to describe? what Dangers? he has seen a Siege thro' a Prospective Glass ——

L. Dor. I can endure this odious Railer no longer; his Noise is got up into my Head ——— let us go in and leave this Wrangler to Rave by himself.

Aug.

Ang. We wait on your Ladyſhip.

Bell. (*to Ang.*) I ſhall find a time, Sir, I ſhall, to thank you for your good Offices.

Ang. Whenever you pleaſe, Sir.

Phil. (*to Bell.*) I ſhall find a time, Sir, to call you to an Account in another place.

Bell. What place you pleaſe, Sir.

Sir Toby. (*to Bell.*) I ſhall take an occaſion, I ſhall Sir, Adzooks, to make you repent putting your Town Tricks upon Country Girls.

Luc. Mr. *Bellamour*, can't you compoſe your ſelf enough to go in and Play a Pool with us.

Bell. I will wiſh you ſome Luck, Madam. May you be always Flatter'd, and always Looſe; may you never think you have a ſure Game, but be diſappointed by a better.

Luc. A little *Hellebore* would do the Gentleman no harm.

Sir Toby. Straw, Straw, and a Dungeon; Adzooks the Man's ſtark Mad. (*Exeunt leaving* Bellamour.

Bell. *Mankind from* Adam, *have been Women's Fools;*
Women from Eve, *have been the Devil's Tools:*
Heaven might have ſpar'd one Torment when we fell,
Not left us Woman, or not threatned Hell. (*Exit.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Frederick, *Surrounded by His Sisters*, viz. Diana, Melissa, Dorinda, Miranda.

Dian. READ mine, they are all Blanks but mine.

Mel. I say, her's is a Blank. Read mine.

Dor. and *Mir.* They are all Blanks but mine.

Fred. What? are you all mad? give me your Notes in Peace and I'll read 'em, else I am gone.

All Women. Well then, here take 'em.

Fred. So: Let none interrupt me; but whose soever the lot is, let the rest be contented and Silent.

(opens a note and reads it.

Melissa is beauty —— ful ——

Mel. I told you so, I knew 'twas I, you need read no farther.

Fred. Good Sister, forbear.

Reads.) *Dorinda* is good humour ——

Dor. That's I.

Fred. Patience.

Reads.) *Miranda* is Charming to admiration.
But it is *Diana* that is adorable, and has my Heart.
Speaks.) Let none reply *Diana*'s is the lot.

Mel. Diana's is a Cheat, a Counterfeit; he vow'd to me he cou'd not endure her.

Fred. We are to stand to what he has written. You may take back your notes, we need read no more.

Mel. I say, my Sister *Di*'s, is all Forgery.

Dia. I say you are a confident Creature.

Fred. interposing. Sisters, this is misbecoming all modesty. *Melissa*, be satisfy'd! there are more Men besides *Courtall.*

Dor. Dear Brother, open the rest of our Notes for our common satisfaction; *Courtall* told me, all should be Blanks but mine.

Mir.

Mir. So he told me.

Fred. Any thing for peace. This *Meliſſa* I think is yours. *Reads.*) *Diana* is diſcreet ——— *Dorinda*, &c. *Miranda*, &c. (*as before*,) but *Meliſſa* only has my heart. *Speaks.*) How *Diana*! is it true then, that yours was forg'd? *Meliſſa*, be happy, the lot is yours.

Dia. I ſay, 'tis ſhe has forg'd, and not I. Let me tear her Eyes out for this trick.

Fred. No more, I entreat you ——— I ſuſpect a trick; I'll read the reſt. (*Reads the other two notes to himſelf.*) How? Why in theſe he declares for *Dorinda* and *Miranda*: this is all a trick.

Dor. to Mir. Siſter, I begin to ſuſpect this *Courtall*. Let us be no more ſeen in this buſineſs.

Mir. to Dor. The Imprudence of my Siſters, may be an example for us to be wiſe.

Fred. 'Tis plain, *Courtall* has abus'd us all, but be you adviſ'd, and I'll be reveng'd: I love his Siſter, but not above the Honour of my Family. I'll inſtantly find him out, and teach the young Impoſtor, what it is to play with the Reputation of Ladies, or fool with a man of Honour. Be at peace among your ſelves, and all ſhall be well. (*Exeunt.*

Enter Angelica *and* Conſtantia.

Ang. Victoria, Victoria, turn'd out of doors, quite diſcarded; ha, ha, ha. To have ſeen how he ſtorm'd and Hector'd, 'twould have made thee die with Laughing, ha, ha, ha.

Conſ. 'Twas moſt Heroically perform'd indeed.

Ang. He ſwore I muſt give him ſatisfaction, and by Heaven I am ready, when ever he dares demand it.

Conſ. How! ready to fight with him! what, fight with a man?

Ang. Yes, Conquer him too; lay him groveling at my Feet, Panting, and not able to ſtir a Limb.

Conſ. The Truth is, that may be done, but how will you lay your Widow Panting?

Ang. That indeed, is now my hardeſt taſk. And pray, how

how will you come of with your Virgins.

Conſ. That's to be thought of too. I'll go conſider on't. You are bound for other Adventures, and ſo good night.

(*Exit* Conſtantia.

Enter Sir Toby, Philabell, *Women and Muſick.*

Sir *Toby ſpying Ang.* My little Cupid, turn'd wanderer of Darkneſs, A Night Rover, An Eve-dropper under his Miſtreſs's Window: Nay then thou'rt in indeed; there's no ſuch infallible ſign of a Lover.

Phil. A Lover can no more go to bed, without eaſing his heart in ſighs under his Miſtreſs's Window, then without comforting it afterwards with a Bottle.

Sir *Toby.* Behold, Lover, to your ſighs I have brought a Song, 't ſhall paſs for thy Serenade, to my Lady *Dorimen*, Hey *Myrmidons* ſtrike up.

SONG.

While Phillis *is Drinking, Love and Wine in Alliance*
With Forces united, bid reſiſtleſs Defiance,
By the touch of her Lips, the Wine ſparkles higher,
And her Eyes from her drinking, redouble their fire.

Her Cheeks glow the brighter, recruiting their colour,
As Flowers by ſprinkling, revive with freſh odour:
His dart dipt in Wine, Love wounds beyond curing,
And the Liquor like Oyl, makes the Flame more enduring.

By Cordials of Wine, Love is kept from expiring,
And our Mirth is enliven'd, by Love and Deſiring:
Relieving each other, the Pleaſure is laſting,
And we never are cloy'd, yet are ever a taſting.

Then Phillis, *begin; let our Raptures abound,*
And a Kiſs, and a Glaſs be ſtill going round:
Our Joyes are Immortal, while thus we remove,
From Love to the Bottle, from the Bottle to Love.

Sir

Sir Toby *takes* Angelica *about the Neck and Kisses her.*

Sir Toby singing). *And a Kiss and a Glass be still going round.*

Ang. Sir *Toby*, you Kiss in anothers wrong: all my kisses are bespoke for to Night. See what a dreadful challenge my Lady *Dorimen* put into my hand at parting.

Sir Toby reads.) *You may Wonder at the confidence I have in you, upon so short an acquaintance. Think it not an effect of my easiness, but your own Merit. You will be welcome to Night at my own house at ten.*

Ang. Ten is the lucky hour Sir *Toby*: if you have any thing to Command, speak, I must give the Signal

(*Knocks at the Door.*

Enter Placket.

Plac. O, are you come; follow me, and be sure you make no noise.

Ang. I know how to behave my self upon these occasions.

Plac. 'Tis not the first time you have practis'd.

Sir *Toby.* Nor you neither, good Mrs. *Placket*; you both know your Trades.

Plac. Are you there, then we shall never have done. Come, come your ways. (*Exeunt* Ang. *and* Plac.

Phil. These young Smock-fac'd fellows, Sir *Toby*, carry all before 'em. Brave Warriours and Men of Sense, Besiege ten years in vain, the Beast prevails in a night.

Sir *Toby.* The truth is, Women have deprav'd Appetites; but here's my comfort still—— (*Embracing a Wench.* Pox of Quality —— Give me an obedient Jade, without forms of Ceremonies. Hark ye Colonel these are most of 'em my own Flesh and Blood, begotten by my Iniquity, and bred up for my Iniquity. The Great Turk has not a better *Seraglio.*

Phil. Not such a *Seraglio* indeed.

Sir *Toby.* But why loiter we here? yonder's a Tavern, what sayest thou, Lad, to a quart of Canary before we sleep Hey! Cats Guts strike up. *Jenny, Gipsy, Judith*——yee Jezebels follow me all.

Sings.) Our Joys are Immortal, &c. (*Exeunt Musick playing*

SCENE *of a Bed-chamber.*

Lady Dorimen *in her Night-dreſs, and* Angelica.

La. Dor. I bluſh exceedingly, to ſee my ſelf alone with a Man; for thô your coming is upon an innocent account, yet there is room for a Scandalous interpretation: but I hope you are too civil a Gentleman to take the Advantage of being alone with a Lady in her Bed-chamber.

Ang. Let my Tranſports expreſs——

La. Dor. O fie, methinks you'r very forward: who could have imagin'd it from one ſo young.

Ang. Pardon me, Madam, if too much eagerneſs to expreſs the ſenſe of your favours——

La. Dor. Frighten me ſo no more. And on that condition I give you leave to ſit down by me.

(*Takes* Angelica *by the Hand.*

Ang. Ah, Madam — you ſqueeze my hand too hard.

La. Dor. You are ſo tender.

Ang. You are ſo killing, the leaſt touch goes to the Soul. What a Complexion! What Eyes!

L. Dor. Don't you look ſo upon me; I never lookt ſo ill in my life. I hate you ſhould look upon me ſo——I am quite out of order to night.

Ang. You never were ſo Charming.

L. Dor. You are the ſtrangeſt Man.

Ang. Pray, Madam, give me leave to ſee——

L. Dor. See! Pray what wou'd you ſee?

Ang. Your Neck, Madam, that I may vindicate you from the Aſperſions of the World, that ſays it is not of the ſame Complexion with your face.

L. Dor. The World is a Malitious ill-natur'd impertinent World.

Ang. And you the moſt invincible temptation in it. Am I Fleſh and Blood——am I a Man Madam——

L. Dor.

L. Dor. I vow, Sir, I can't tell. But I hope you mean to be Civil.

Ang. repeats.)

And why this niceneſs to a Pleaſure ſhown,
Where Nature Sum's up all its Joys in one.

But ſince you will have it ſo, I muſt ſubmit. I may perhaps, have been too far tranſported, but I hope your Ladiſhip's goodneſs, will excuſe the violence of a Paſſion that was not to be with-held.

L. Dor. I muſt needs ſay, any one in your place would have offer'd as much, and perhaps more: for who cou'd have imagin'd, that ſuch an Aſſignation was contriv'd for nothing but a little diſcourſe? beſides, 'tis natural enough to ſuſpect, that all this great care that I have taken to forbid, was meant only to mind you of what elſe you might be too backward to undertake: and I know it to be a Maxim among Men, that Women are angry to be always obey'd, and that our firſt refuſals are neceſſary to decency, and proceed only from a little Cuſtomary formality, and not from any real dis---like. But you, I perceive, are none of thoſe———

Ang. Who I? Heav'ns forbid ——

(*Removes her Chair farther off,* *Lady* Dorimen *following.*

L. Dor. The Men, *I* ſay, of this age, for the moſt part, are bold and undertaking, in the *Tête a Tête*, as they call it, and when the Chambermaid's ſent away, and a Bed in the Room, they think they may venture on any thing.

Angelica *continues to get farther off,*
Lady Dorimen *gets cloſer and cloſer.*

Ang. Excuſe me, Madam, you ſhall find me none of thoſe impudent intruders, of whom you complain. *I* muſt needs condemn the forwardneſs of thoſe men, who are ſtill encroaching upon the modeſty of the Ladies: and would not for the World offend againſt the reſpect that is due to you.

L. Dor. I only ſay 'tis the way of moſt Men. But *I* am convinc'd you are none of thoſe.

Ang. Heavens forbid, Madam, that I ſhould be any thing that were diſpleaſing to your Ladiſhip.

L. Dor. aſide. Provoking Ignorance! What ſhall *I* do to

be underſtood? I have thought of a way——

(Falls back in her Chair, as going into a Swoon.

Oh I feel a ſudden ſwimming in my Eyes, and trembling in my Limbs, it comes all over me, Help, help, help, Oh, oh.

Ang. I'll run and call for help.

(*Lady* Dorimen *takes faſt hold of her.*

L. Dor. Call no body, you may do it your ſelf; Oh, oh! you may do it your ſelf.

Ang. (*aſide.*) What the Devil does ſhe mean——

L. Dor. Oh, oh.

Ang. Let me go, Madam, and call your Maid, for ſome cold Water to ſprinkle in your Face.

L. Dor. No, do you ſprinkle me, do you ſprinkle me.

Ang. So I would with all my Heart, but I have nothing to do it withal——(*calls*) Mrs. *Placket*, Mrs. *Placket*, help, your Lady's in a Fit.

Lady Dorimen *riſes in a Paſſion, letting go her hold, enter* Placket.

L. Dor. Ungrateful Man! Such inſolence is unpardonable, Fleſh and Blood can never forgive it.

Plack. Wicked Man! what have you been doing to my Lady?

Ang. I have been doing nothing to my Lady, ſhe has been in a Fit.

Plack. Poor Lady; how out of Breath, ſhe is—— I ſay, what have you Committed?

Ang. I ſay, *I* have Omitted——and that's it.

Bellamour's *Voice within.*

Bell. (*within.*) Where is *Lucinda*? I will ſee her—I will not be deny'd——

Ang. As I live, *Bellamour*'s Voice—O ſave me, if he finds me here, I am Sacrific'd——Pity Madam, my Youth, and forgive my *I*gnorance——all ſhall be mended.

L. Dor. I pity you indeed. Run *Placket*, and ſtop Mr. *Bellamour*——carry him up the back-way to my Neece, and let her be ſure to ſee him, that the Paſſage be clear——

Ang.

Ang. Preſerve me to Night from the Fury of this inconſiſt Man: To morrow we may repair the time that has been loſt.

L. Dor. Which we might not have loſt neither——but we have been both to blame.

Ang. To Morrow all ſhall be mended.

L. Dor. Shall it indeed?

Ang. Upon Condition, that this *Bellamour* comes here no more; *I* thought you had forbid him your Houſe.

L. Dor. All Men you ſee don't mind us when we forbid. I promiſe you after this Night he ſhall never more be admitted; my Neice ſhall ſooner couple with a Vulture or a Bear. This interruption is new Guilt.

Ang. That is all I ask.

L. Dor. Remember then to Morrow.

Ang. By this Kiſs. (*Kiſſes her Hand.*) (*Exit* Angelica.

Re-enter Placket.

L. Dor. Placket, are the other Gentlemen here?

Plack. They were here, Madam: And I thought I had lockt 'em up ſafe, but when I went to look juſt now, I found the Lock of the Cloſet Door broke, and they were gone.

L. Dor. Curſt Diſappointments.

Plack. The Chaplain, Madam, is not yet gone to Bed.

L. Dor. Tell him I muſt have Prayers preſently, and bring him into my Cloſet; and d'ye hear, lay the Books on the Table.

Plack. That is, the Cups and the Bottle of Orange flow'r Brandy. (*Exeunt.*

Enter Lucinda *and* Bellamour.

Lucind. Now the Angry Fit is over, you are come to beg Pardon; this is the Trick of you Men: You Quarrel on purpoſe to try, whether our Fondneſs is great enough, to excuſe the Inſolencies of your Paſſion, and then think to Lord it as you pleaſe.

Will.

Bell. You miſtake, Madam; I come not to beg Pardon, but to take my leave: Yes, ungrateful Woman, but one laſt look, and then we part, never to behold each other more; let cringing Fools and baſe born Slaves, continue their Officiouſneſs to thoſe who neglect 'em: A brave Man ſcorns it.

Lucin. You have free Liberty to depart, and will leave no aking Hearts behind you.

Bell. 'Tis falſe, I know my Reſolution vexes you, how'ere you'd ſtrive to Conceal it. There is never a Diſſembling ill-natur'd Woman of you all, but is vext at the loſs of a Lover, thô 'tis one ſhe hates; all are neceſſary for your Vanity, and your Pride, though but ſome are pickt for your Pleaſures. But by Heaven, I ſcorn the Office, nor will be ty'd like a Slave to the Chariot, while others ride in it in Triumph.

Luc. Speak ſoftly.

Bell. Would I could ſpeak louder yet, that Heaven and Earth might witneſs to your Perjury. Yes, *Lucinda*, when *I* am again your Fool, may all the Town Laugh at me, as well as you: May I be Hooted and Pointed at for a Monſter, and which would be the greateſt, greateſt Plague, may you Marry me, and bring forth a Baſtard the next Day.

Lucin. In return to your obliging Oath, hear mine. If ever I Pardon your Ill-manner'd Outragious Carriage to Day, may I be the moſt Wretched, and moſt Infamous of Women; may all the Villanous Slanders of thy Tongue be believ'd of me; and for my Eternal Perdition, may my Ill Fate condemn me to ſuch a Brute, as thee for my Husband.

Bell. Agreed: And therefore that I may preſerve nothing which might give me the leaſt feint remembrance of you—here, take back your Picture —— this repreſentation in little of ſo Faithleſs an Original———

(*Gazes on the Picture, e'er he delivers it.*

How beautiful it looks! Ah! *Lucinda*, *Lucinda*, were but thy Soul Celeſtial as its Frame——but that is falſe, a Courſe Deceitful dawbing, no real, but a Painted Joy, like this.

Lucin. Ha, ha, ha.

Bell. Then here is another Encouragement —— the only one indeed, that I have under your Hand———here 'tis——

Reads.

Reads. *You ſwear you love me, Ah* Bellamour! *If I have not as yet an equal Paſſion for you, believe me, I am pleas'd with yours.*

Theſe were Deceits that merit this *(Tears the Paper.*

Lucy. (*aſide*) I am glad to ſee it torn, 'twas the only Proof he had to ſhow againſt me, that I had ever any Inclination to receive his Love.

Bell. And now no more but this; O *Lucinda*! Falſe, Ungrateful *Lucinda*, farewel for ever!

(Is going, then returns.

Lucin. A very fair Riddance —— why do you come back?

Bell. But one word more *Lucinda*! Ah *Lucinda*! Call but to mind your former Vows, then ſee if your Heart can hold up to its point, and ſtill be fixt, thô knowing how 't has wrong'd me.

Lucin. What froward Fools are Men? Still they perplex us with ungrounded Jealouſies, and affront us with vile Aſperſions; yet know us at the ſame time, to be their Judges, and that by our Sentence 'tis, they Live or Die. No, *Bellamour*, after your Rude Behaviour to Day, never muſt you more expect the leaſt appearance of Kindneſs from me; there is no truſting for a Husband, a Man who makes ſo unruly a Lover.

Bell. You wrong me, Madam, by all that's good, you do.

Lucin. No more, Mr. *Bellamour*, I'll hear no more upon this Subject. Return to your firſt Allegiance, you have wrong'd an Innocent Lady; think not that I'll be any longer acceſſary to your Perjury.

Sir John Aery, *and* Vaunter *within.*

Aery. (*within*) Demm'e, Madam, where are you?

Vaunter. (*within.*) Here are Lights, and a Door open.

They Enter.

Sir J. Aery. Beged Madam, 'tis very unconſcionable to ſend for Gentlemen, and then make 'em wait Three Hours in the Dark.

Lucin. Inſolent Fellow, who ſent for you! And how got you in?

Sir

Sir J. Aery. Insolent Fellow? Demm'e, methinks she begins to be very familiar already.

Bell. You sent for them, they tell you; and I beg Pardon for having so long detain'd you from the Company you expected. Vile Woman, my resentment is now turn'd to Pity, and I blush at this Infamous Confirmation of your Wickedness.

Lucin. I rather beleive 'em Companions of your own, brought hither on purpose to put some new affront upon me.

Sir. J. Aery. No, Demm'e Madam, if any thing should have brought us but your own Commands.

Vaun. Nothing beged Madam, but your Commands, and our own Inclinations.

Lucin. My Commands! Impudent Rascal——Mr. *Bellamour*, this is a part below the Character of a Man of Honour; neither am I so destitute of Friends, but you may be call'd to a severe Account for it.

Bell. I doubt not but you have Bully's at Command as well as Fools; cunning Devil! This Disguise is too affected: Thus Women always turn Accusers, when they want an Excuse.

Sir J. Aery. Hark *Vaunter*, Gedemme, we should not have own'd before *Bellamour*, that we were sent for.

Vaun. True beged —— but I'll set all right. The Truth is, Madam *Bellamour* did bid us meet him here.

Bell. I bid you come——

Sir J. Aery. Ay, Geddem me!

Vaun. Yes, Beged.

Bell. Rascals, your Tongues shall be Cut out for so damn'd a Lye.

Sir J. Aery. O Law, O Law; no, you did not bid us.

Vaun. No, no, you did not bid us.

Bell. Who sent for you?

Sir J. Aery. O Law, no body, no body, sent for us.

Vaun. We came—— beged we don't know how.

Bell. Speak the Truth, as you value your Lives.

Lucin. Speak the Truth, or it shall be Rack't out of you.

Sir J. Aery. What would you have a Man say? If we speak the

the Truth, we offend the Lady; if we Lye, Gedem m'e you'll mince us, and what the Devil ſhall one do?

Bell. If he ſpeaks the Truth, he tells you 'twill offend you; Devils! Devils! What are Women? You can tell beſt, they are ſo like you.

Vaun. O *Aery*, this is the Dam'ſt Bawdy Houſe that e'er I came in, in my Life.

Lucin. Who's within there ——call up the Servants—— I will make Examples of theſe Fellows, or know the Truth.

Bell. Give not your ſelf unneceſſary trouble; when I am gone, all will be well, their Confeſſion will but add to your Guilt. Confounded Woman! (*aſide.*) O *Angelica*, my broken Vows to thee are well Reveng'd. Farewel falſe *Lucinda*, I am aſham'd of my paſt weakneſs, for one ſo Wicked.

Lucin. (*holds him.*) Stay *Bellamour*, you ſhall not go till I am juſtify'd of this Inhuman Imputation, that you would fix upon me——

Bell. Nay, Madam, you muſt not hold me——I leave you to your Fools, and will be one no more.

(*breaks from her and Exit.*

Vaun. Is he gone? Madam are you ſure he's gone?

(Lucinda *walks about in a Paſſion.*

Sir J. Aery. 'Tis well for him he is——Demm'e, had he ſtayd a minute longer, I'd have minc'd him.

Vaun. Dear Madam, why this Paſſion now? 'tis true, 'twould have vext any one to loſe ſo much time thro' a Fellows Impertinence: but beged you may be as free now as you pleaſe, here's no body here, but Dear *Jack Aery*, and he and I are all one.

Sir J. Aery. 'Tis true, Madam, here's no body here, but Dear *Vaunter*, and He and I are one Soul in two Bodies.

Lucin. Apes and Monkeys.

Vaun. Be pleas'd Madam, to diſpatch us, for I have promis'd to play at Ramp to Night, with ſome Ladies, and I would not beged diſappoint the Ladies for the World

Lucin. Whoſe within there——whoſe within?

Enter Placket *and Servants.*

Plack. Lord, Madam, what's the matter?

Lucin. How got theſe Fellows into the Houſe?

Plack. Lord, Madam, how ſhould I know.

(*aſide.*) as I live, the ſtrayes that I had Pounded in my Ladies Cloſet.

Lucin. Let the Doors be better lookt to another time; and let the Footmen tye theſe Fools Neck and Heels, till they diſcover upon what Errant they came hither.

Vaun. O Law, O Law, rather let your Footmen ſhow us the way down Stairs, and if you ever ketch me in your Houſe again, may I be damn'd.

Sir J. Aery. Ay, if ever you ketch me in your Houſe again, Ged demm'e.

Lucin. I ſay, let them be ty'd Neck and Heels — carry 'em away. (*The Servants lay hold of 'em.*

Sir J. Aery. O Dear *Vaunter*! What will become of us.

Vaun. What curſt unmerciful Croccadels are theſe Women. (*Exeunt carryed out.*

Lucin. Take the Candles, and light to my Dreſſing-room. I have this Comfort under *Bellamour*'s Jealouſy of theſe Fools whom I hate, that *Philabell* whom I Love, will be leſs ſuſpected.

For thô the ſlighted Rivals be Reveal'd,
The Man we Love, ſhould be with Care Conceal'd.
Un-nam'd, unknown, he lies ſecurely Bleſt,
Safe in our Arms, and Peaceably Poſſeſt.

(*Exeunt.*

ACT.

Act V. Scene I.

The Street before Lady Dorimen's *Door.*

Enter Angelica, Conſtantia, *and* Courtal, *Brother to* Conſtantia: Angelica *Reading a Challenge.*

Ang. Reading. *After what paſt between us Yeſterday, you need not be ſurpriz'd to know that I am reſolv'd to Cut your Throat, in order to which, I require you to appoint your Place and Time* ——

(*Speaks.*) Very Reaſonable truly.

(Reads.) *I am impatient to try if you can be as brisk in the Field before an Enemy, as in a* Ruel *before the Ladies,*

Bellamour.

(*Speaks.*) A very Comfortable Salutation.

Conſ. And how you will bring your ſelf off, I can't imagine, for my own part; as a Poet in a Play, when he has puzzled himſelf with a Plot, has recourſe to ſupernatural Aids, and fetches down *Mercury* or *Jupiter* from Heaven, to ſet him right, ſo have I been forc't to Conjure up my Brother here, who by the help of the reſemblance that is betwixt us, I hope may be able to ſatisfie my Miſtreſſes, and protect me from the Fury of their Relations.

Court. By the Deſcription Siſter, you will ſtand more in need of a Real *Jupiter* to ſatisfie Four ſuch dreadful Termagants; one Man, nor one Dozen of Men will ſcarce be ſufficient.

Conſ. Obſerve my Inſtructions, and fear nothing.

Court. A pretty Occupation indeed, to take up the Women you run down, and Fight the Men you provoke.

Conſ. And does not the one make amends for the other?

Court. That's according as I like your Ladies; he that is backward to Fight for a Woman, is a moſt un-natural Coward: Hunger and Love make every body Valiant.

Ang. Now each to their ſeveral Project — Yes, *Bellamour*, I will meet thee ——— hark my Lady *Dorimen*'s Door opens let us go, that no accident may hinder us.

O Love, be thou my Second, Fight for me,
Who have endur'd ſo many Wounds for thee:
When with his Weapon, pointed at my Heart,
The Traitor ſtands, let looſe thy flying Dart,
Reduce the Rebel, and Avenge my ſmart.
Whom Love befriends, is certain of Succeſs,
Love made a Woman's Fool of Hercules.

As they go off, Enter L. Dorimen *and* Placket.

L. Dor. Alas he's ſo very Young.

Plack. Is that a Fault, Madam?

L. Dor. Youth is neceſſary, but it has its inconveniences too; young Men make great over-ſights.

Plack. What have been thoſe over-ſights, that put your Ladyſhip ſo out of Humour.

L. Dor. The Remembrance is inſupportable.

Plack. Be pleas'd, Madam to inform me, and I'll take care to inſtruct him better the next time, and give him a ſhort Leſſon or two in the Cloſet, before I bring him in to your Ladyſhip.

L. Dor. Peace, I'll explain this matter another time.

Enter Lucinda.

Neice, I have been waiting for you this Hour.

Lucin. I but juſt heard the Coach was ready, Madam. *To Plack.*] Be ſure you look ſtrictly to my Priſoners.

L. Dor. Call the Footmen and bid the Coach come up to the Door. *(Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Frederick *holding* Conſtantia *by one Arm, and* Courtall *with the other.*

Fred. By your leave Gentlemen, I muſt expoſtulate this matter a little farther. One of you has injur'd me, but the Devil take me if I can tell which 'tis.

Conſ. If you don't know your own Enemies, I don't know how we ſhould.

Fred. to Conſ. Pray, Sir, is not your name *Courtall.*

Conſ. No, Sir.

Fred. to Court. Did you never make Love to my Siſters.

Court. Not I, Sir, I vow to Gad, but if you have a Siſter Sir, that has any urgent occaſions——

Conſ. You need not preſs us, we are Gentlemen——

Court. And will be Volunteers in a Ladies Service.

Fred. Damme, this Trick won't paſs — what are you? Men or Devils.

Conſ. Not Men, Sir, I aſſure you——

Fred. Then I will ſo Conjure your Devilſhips.

Fred *draws*, Courtall *and* Conſtantia *draw.*

Conſ. Whatſoever we are, we are two to one Sir.

Fred. One after another Gentlemen is fair.

Conſ. Your Pardon, Sir, if you attack us, we muſt defend our ſelves.

Enter Bellamour.

Fred. (*ſeeing Bell.*) Say you ſo, then here comes a Friend to ſet that matter right; you ſhall be marcht I promiſe you; one of you muſt be the Man I look for, but ſince neither will Confeſs, let both ſuffer.

Goes up to Bellamour, *ſalute and whiſper.*

Court. (*to Conſ.* Siſter, make your eſcape and leave me to the brunt; avoid the Peril, or reſolve to diſcover your ſelf.

Conſ. What, leave my Friend in danger? Fie, I'll bring of all yet.

Bell.

Bell. (*to Fred.*) I confeſs, Sir, I came hither on an Errand of my own, of the ſame kind; however, be pleas'd to diſpatch, I know not how to refuſe the Office you deſire.

(*aſide*) Dam'nd Cuſtoms of Honour, that expoſe us to the Quarrels of every body, as if our own were too few.

(*they advance.*

Fred. Well, Gentlemen, now we ſhall try your mettle upon the ſquare.

Conſ. Ha, ha, ha, why *Frederick*—ha, ha, ha, what! Draw upon a Woman—upon your Miſtreſs too——for ſhame——you a Man, ha ha.

Fred. Hey Day! Upon a Woman! Upon my Miſtreſs! what the Devil is all this!

Conſ. Love they ſay is blind, have Lovers too no Eyes? Is it poſſible, that you cannot diſcover *Conſtantia* thrô any Diſguiſe?

Fred. Conſtantia!

Conſ. Yes, dull Lover; where is now the Sympathy and the inſtinct, by which you Men are always ſo ready to find us out? one of us is *Conſtantia.*

Bell. (*to Fred.*) Have you any farther Service to Command me——

Fred. Mr. *Bellamour*, I am aſham'd of the trouble I have given you——

Bell. There needs no Apology —— (*Exit Bellamour.*

Fred. I have heard indeed of ſo wonderful a reſemblance between *Conſtantia* and a Twin Brother, that by exchanging of Habits, they have often impos'd upon their very Parents.

Conſ. Lay aſide your Choler, and we will both go Home with you: Unriddle us, and take us among you.

Fred. With all my Heart, and if I don't find a Senſe for that, may all my Senſes forſake me.

Conſ. Come along then *Oedipus.*

Riddle me Riddle me re, who finds my Riddle ſhall have me.

(*Exeunt.*

Aery *and* Vaunter *ty'd down in two Chairs.*

Sir J. Aery. O *Vaunter*, *Vaunter*! What a miſerable Life is a Whoremaſters?

Vaun.

Vaun. O Repentance! why art thou never to be found but at the Gallows?

Sir J. Aery. Paſt Experience, might have reclaim'd us from the Folly of running after Adventures, but Human Nature is frail, and never takes warning.

Vaun. How often alas! have I lain Sweating in a Cheſt, for fear of a jealous Husband, that came Home before he was expected: Or ſtood ſhrinking behind the Hanging which he has prob'd with his Naked Sword, and ſometimes Run me through a Leg or an Arm, without daring to cry out.

Sir J. Aery. How often have I leapt out at Window, with the Bullets of a Blunderbuſh whizing round my Ears.

Vaun. How often have I been beaten with my own Ladder of Ropes.

Sir J. Aery. O the Knocks and Bruiſes that I have endur'd.

Vaun. O the Claps and the Poxes that are not Cur'd to this Day.

Sir J. Aery. And now to be tyed Neck and Heels in order to be Rob'd and ſtript.

Vaun. To have our Throats Cut, and to be bury'd in a Houſe of Office.

Sir J. Aery. Or at beſt to enter into Bonds foraſmuch as we are worth.

Vaun. O *Aery*, and when our Eſtates are gone, what will be left us?

Sir John Aery. Not a Man will keep us Company, for fear we ſhould borrow Money of him.

Vann. Not a Woman will ſuffer us, for they think all filthy Fellows that have not Eſtates.

Sir J. Aery. O *Vaunter*, *Vaunter*! What a miſerable Life is a Whore Maſters.

Enter Placket.

Plack. Well, Gentlemen, how do you do? have you Pray'd.

Sir. J. Aery. Yes, yes, we have pray'd ——— (*aſide.*) That the Devil would take you and all that you belong to.

Plack And Repented.

Vaun.

Vaun. And repented, heartily repented——*(Aside.)* that ever we came within theſe Curſed walls.

Plac. And you will never more brag of Favours that you never receiv'd? Nor ſwear when the Lady makes her Footmen Cudgel you, that her Husband caught you a Bed with her, and that you were beaten by his order, and not hers, and that ſhe ſent you a preſent the next Morning to make you amends.

Sr. Aery. O never, never.

Plac. Nor write Love-Letters to your ſelves, with this Counteſs, and that Dutcheſs's name, and drop 'em in Chocolate-houſes.

Vaun. Never, never.

Plac. Nor when the draggle tail Mask, ſends for you out from *Chauviſſes*, ſwear that 'tis a great Lady that ſhall be nameleſs, that has ſtolen from her Lord, to ſpend the only half hour of her liberty with you, when all her buſineſs is to borrow a ſhilling to pay for her Coach, or to get a glaſs of *Roſa ſolis*, to drive out the Wind that blows a ſtorm in her guts, for want of having found a Fool to give her a dinner.

S. Aery. Never, as I hope to be ſav'd, Ged demme.

Vaun. O, dear *Aery* don't ſwear in this time of tribulation, think of your Soul, dear *Aery*, for God knows, we may'nt have long to live in this wicked World.

Plac. Nor hire Black--gard, and Link--boyes to be dreſt like Pages, to deliver you notes in Publick Places.

S. Aery. Never, never, Gadzoony——*Vaunter*, I hope that was no ſwearing.

Plac. Nor give money to the Box-keepers at the Play-houſe, to come in almoſt in every Act, to whiſper you that ſuch a Lady, and ſuch a Lady, in ſuch a Box, and ſuch a Box, deſire you impatiently to come to them, when no body cares for your company.

Aery. Never indeed, never.

Plac. Laſtly. Nor ever refuſe your Money to honeſt folkes, that know how to make better uſe of it.

Both. Never, never, Deliver us and take all we have.

Plac

Plac. Then each of you, give me a Bond for a Thouſand pound, and be at liberty.

Both. We will, we will. (*She unties them.*

Plac. There remains yet another Article: which of you two is the Knight?

S. *Aery.* I am a Knight, Ged demme, a Knight Baronet; and my Name's Sr. *Jenn — Vaunter*, we may ſwear again, now we are out of danger.

Vaun. Yes, beged. The Devil was ſick, the Devil a monk, would be.

S. *Aery.* The Devil was well, the Devil a Monk, was he, Ged demme!

Plac. Your Father was a Pimp, and was Knighted for his Services. I know your Pedigree, why then — Sr. *Jenn* — to be ſhort, my Fortune has been told me, that I ſhould be a Lady — You muſt Marry me.

Sr. *Aery.* Tie me Neck and Heels again, tie me Neck and Heels. Gad zoons what marry a Chamber-maid.

Plac. A Chamber-maid, ſaucy Fellow: I have known a Lord marry a Sempſtreſs.

Vaun. O, *Aery*, dear *Aery*, this comes of ſwearing ſo ſoon. A heavy judgment for thy Sins, well, I will never ſwear nor be wicked, but when I am ſure I'm ſo ſafe, that no harm can come on't.

Plac. Well, Sir Knight, you may be worſe offer'd. And I don't know but the puniſhment might be more to my ſelf than you. Wherefore, on condition that you add another Thouſand pound to your Bond, you ſhall go free.

S. *Aery.* With all my heart, dear Soul; Ged demme and a very good bargain.

Plac. Come in then, and Sign and Seal; but if ever you ſay one word of theſe Bonds, moſt certainly your Throats ſhall be cut.

Both. Not one word, Ged demme, beged.

Plac. You are likewiſe to declare before company, that you came hither by miſtake. That you took this Houſe for another, and that no body here ſent for you.

Vaun. But, tell us truly: were not we ſent for? Did not

you meet us at the door? Lead us up ſtairs? Lock us into a Cloſet? and divert your ſelf you know how, moſt unconſionably with us for near two hours ——.

Plac. Impudent fellow, did I ever ſee your Faces before—I'll call the Footmen, you ſhall be ty'd Neck and Heels again you ſhall.

Aery. Why then 'twas the oddeſt Dream that ever I had in my life; and I believe we came hither in our ſleep.

Plac. Why ſo you did. I never knew ſuch a couple of lying Fellows.

S. *Aery. aſide.*) Nor I ſuch an impudent Bawd, Ged demme, but I dare not tell her ſo.

Vaun. 'Twas all a Dream, that's certain: and ſo we'll ſwear any thing that's put in our mouths.

Plac. Come in then, and perform covenants; 'tis a Charitable Office I am doing: Fools muſt be bitten to be made wiſe.

Sr. *Aery. to Vaun.* Would we were well off this buſineſs, and I'll ſwear I have lain with all the Family round, Ged demme.

Vaun. And ſo will I beged. (*Exeunt with* Placket.

Enter Angelica *in Women's Apparrel, and Mask't, at one door, and* Bellamour *at the other.*

Ang. Sir, I muſt entreat you to take ſome other Walk. This Place I have choſen for an Adventure of my own.

Bell. Had you not prevented me, Madam, I muſt have made you the ſame requeſt. This very Place, is to determine of my Good or Bad fortune for ever.

Ang. I wiſh I cou'd oblige you. But the Repoſe or Diſquiet of my whole life is abſolutely concern'd.

Bell. My Honour is engag'd.

Ang. And ſo is mine.

Bell. Your pleaſure it may be. A Vizard and talk of Honour; Why is that ſign ſet out, but to invite Paſſengers in? A Mask to a Woman, is like a Houſe with a buſh, the Enſign of Publick Reception.

Ang.

Ang. To be ſhort, Sir, I expect to be obey'd, and have a Rendezvous here, that admits of no Spectators.

Bell. To be ſhort, Madam, I am to fight a Duel on this very ſpot: If you are not afraid to ſee Swords drawn, and Throats cut, you may ſtay —— I ſhall begin to make ready.

(Unbuttons.

Ang. Sure, Sir, you don't uſe to ſtrip before Ladies.

Bell. Yes, ſtark naked, if I thought 'twould frighten you.

Ang. Why do, ſtrip, I have ſeen many a curioſity, but never ſaw a naked Man in my Life.

Bell. Aſide, obſerving her. She makes me almoſt forget, that I was angry. There is ſomewhat in that Shape, and thoſe Motions, that raiſe other deſires, than thoſe I came hither to ſatisfie —— An Air, that methinks I have ſeen before. —

Ang. You are conſidering I ſee, I hope 'tis to comply and be reaſonable.

Bell. I perceive, Madam, you are reſolv'd to be obey'd, and it is but juſt indeed, that the Men give way to the Ladies: but then in recompence for the Sacrifice, I make you of my Honour, you muſt pleaſe to unmask, and let me know for whoſe ſake I do my ſelf this violence.

Ang. I vow Mr. *Bellamour*, my misfortune is very great, ſince you ask nothing but what I am under an obligation not to grant.

Bell. It ſeems you know me too; this heightens my curioſity, and I am now confirm'd, not to leave the place upon any other condition.

Ang. If I thought I could revenge my Sex's Quarrel, to you, by the fight, for an injury you have done a Friend of mine, I would then ſhow you my Face. Methinks you ſhould walk the ſtreets in Armour: I wonder you are not afraid to be torn to peices after ſo known a Treachery to *Angelica.*

Bell. That Treachery has been ſufficiently reveng'd already, by another Treachery——

Ang. May Traytors never meet, but with Traytors: Whoever Betrays, may they be always Betray'd

Bell. If you think the Vengeance not yet perfect, compleat

it by ſhowing me your Face: It is certain your Eyes cannot be employ'd in vain: You have too many Charms to be hid by a Mask; and thoſe that do diſcover themſelves, in ſpight of the care you take to conceal 'em, have in a moment, begun what you wiſh. Behold——I am ready for Execution, unmask and give the blow.

Ang. Why then prepare for your Doom. And may you be a true Prophet, I beſeech Heaven.
Are you prepar'd!

Bell. Yes, Madam, and prepar'd to ſee ſomewhat that's very ſurprizing.

Ang. Surprizing indeed. (*Unmasks.*) You ſtart:

Bell. Angelica!

Ang. Yes, perjur'd *Bellamour*, it is *Angelica*, the Credulous *Angelica*; whom you ſo baſely, and ſo ungratefully have betray'd: And who in a diſguiſe, unworthy her Quality, or the modeſty of her Sex, has been a Witneſs to all your Perjuries. 'Tis that *Angelica* whoſe heart ye came hither to pierce. Behold that heart, and with a Reſolution worthy the reſt of your Treacheries, Pierce, Perfidious Man, Pierce it boldly: ſee 'tis unguarded for the blow. Alas! but a little longer, and it had broke with the weight of the injuries that oppreſt it. Why ſtand you mute? Where is your Courage fled? Why is not your Sword employ'd, that you have held twice to my Breſt, with a Rage ſo generous? Behold, here is the Enemy you expected.

Bell. O, raiſe not my Confuſion with Reproaches, ſo tender and ſo juſt: Alas! if you could look into my Breaſt, you would find your ſelf, if it be poſſible, enough reveng'd by the ſhame and remorſe that over-whelms me. *Kneeling.* Thus proſtrate, the Vileſt Criminals have leave, in token of Repentance, to approach the Heaven they have offended; if I may yet expect any thing from a bounty ſo abus'd. Oh! forgive your Kneeling Penitent. For 'tis reſolv'd, and irrevocably fixt in this Perjur'd heart, either you muſt forgive, or with this Sword that was brought hither to be employ'd againſt you, I will waſh away my Guilt, and Pardon'd be, or Pity'd! (*She turns from him.*) Ah! turn not ſo diſdain-

disdainfully away; *Angelica, Angelica,* thus will I haunt you ever: thus following on my Knees for mercy: What has my folly loſt! I have conſum'd a vaſt Eſtate, and ſums immenſe, in ſearch of Toyes unprofitable and airy Treaſures: I have forfeited a promis'd Heaven, to reach at fruit, ſcarce worth the plucking. You Weep——Are they for me? thoſe Tears? Then Weep again, give pity a full entrance: Where there is Pity, ſure there will be Mercy.

Ang. Riſe, *Bellamour.* As I have Reaſon, ſo have I now opportunity of being cruel. But one who has already been guilty of ſo many weakneſſes on your account, may be eaſily perſwaded to another. Yes, *Bellamour,* I will forgive, but muſt be cautious ever how I truſt you any more: we ſhould take care how we confide a ſecond time, having been once betray'd!

Bell. Then let me Kneel again, and Swear——

Ang. No more——I forgive all faults that are paſt—— But if there are any more to come——Alas! I ſhould forgive them too.

Bell. Falſe are the tales ſo often told of Womens Perjuries: the Spight and Malice of detracting Men; baſe, baſe Aſperſions all and falſe; or were they true, ſuch goodneſs might atone for all.

Enter Lady Dorimen, Lucinda, *Sir* Toby, Philabel *and* Placket.

Sir *Toby.* So cloſe! What billing in open ſtreet at noon-day? Adzooks, there's an impudent Whore-maſter.

Phil. What proofs would you have more of his inconſtancy?

Lucin. They were much to blame, Mr. *Bellamore;* Who gave me notice of your infidelities——What at the Feet of a new Miſtreſs?

Bell. My Miſtreſs and my Guardian Angel, when you know who ſhe is; I doubt not but we ſhall all be Friends.

L. Dor. Indeed you have made a good choice; ſhe's very Handſome. But ſure I have ſeen ſomething very reſembling that.

that face before.

Plac. As I live, Madam, your little Spark in Petticoats:

L. Dor. It cannot be.

Phi. What ſtrange Metamorphoſis?

Sir *Toby.* My little Son of Love become a Daughter.

Ang. A Daughter indeed, and now the Myſtery's all out; I am my ſelf that injur'd *Angelica*, of whom I told you. I had no other way to do my ſelf right, but by this manner of proceeding. Wherefore, Sir, I hope you will excuſe me, and not deny me your Bleſſing.

Sir *Toby.* Adzooks no more I won't; thou haſt it Child; why this was ſuch a *hocus pocus*, to make thy old Daddy at his years, and experience, not to know a Man from a Woman. To Poſe him in his Rudiments, in the *Maſculin* and *Feminin* Gender. Adzocks I'll Double and Treble thy Portion for thy Wit.

L. Dor. For my part, Madam, I ever found an invincible inclination to Love you. Pray give me leave to embrace you.

Lucin. Now your Breeches are off, *I* may deſire a ſhare in your Friendſhip, *I* hope, without making any one Jealous.

Bell. That reproach is a remembrance to me, that I am to beg Pardon of all this Company, whom I deſire to forget what has paſt, and to look on me, no longer as an Enemy.

Phil. I ſuppoſe now we are all ſatisfy'd! Mr. *Bellamour*, is as much to be valu'd as a Friend, as to be fear'd as an Enemy.

Lucin. Before I ſign to this general Reconciliation, I muſt have a Publick clearing of ſome paſſages laſt night. *Placket*, go ferch your Priſoners.

Bell. It needs not, Madam; my Paſſion made me too Credulous. Thoſe Fooles I know, go every where uninvited, and their forwardneſs never waits for Encouragement.

(Placket *brings in* Aery *and* Vaunter.

Plac. to them.) Remember your Leſſon, as you hope to ſave your Ears and your Noſes.

Sir *J. Aery.* I'll warrant you; if we have not Memory, we have nothing.

Lucin. Well Gentlemen, have you call'd to mind what brought

brought you hither laſt Night.

Sir J. Aery. Yes, Madam, and we beg Ten Thouſand Pardons for our Miſtake. But having receiv'd Intelligence, Geddemm'e from a very beautiful Lady that lives next Door——

Phil. Next Door, Sir, I have a Relation lives there, a very Virtuous Lady, have a care what you ſay.

Sir J. Aery. O Law! What ſhall I ſay now; I don't mean Sir, Geddemm'e the next Door, where your Virtuous Kinſwoman lives, but t'other next Door, where you have no Relations; there are two next Doors.

Vaun. Well brought of Dear *Aery*, beged; hou'rt an Angel Geddem me!

Lucin. A Chandler's Shop; there is not a Woman in the Houſe under Fourſcore.

Sir J. Aery. No matter for that, you ſhan't think to pump me ſo. But as I was ſaying, upon a ſmall Item of the Ladies Affection, my Dear *Vaunter* and I intended a Civil Viſit; but the nearneſs of the Houſes, and the Duſk of the Evening, occaſioned the unhappy Miſtake, that has made us fall under your Ladyſhips Diſpleaſure. And this now is the Truth, Geddemme, as I hope to be ſav'd.

Vaun. Ay, beged, this is the Truth, the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth.

Lucin. This is all we had a mind to know; Gentlemen, you are Pris'ners no longer.

L. Dor. 'Tis ſufficient we are all clear'd.

Bell. There needed not this ſtrickt Examination, my own Reaſon had convinc'd me before.

Sir J. Aery, to Lucinda. I hope Madam this unfortunate Accident has occaſion'd no breach between your Ladyſhip and *Bellamour*; Geddemm'e *Bellamour*, thou haſt no Reaſon, for as I hope to be ſav'd, there has nothing paſt between us, but a few Smiles or ſo——Geddemme if I ever meant to make any thing on't.

Bell. I believe you, Sir.

Phil. to Lucin. You have acquitted theſe Priſoners, Madam, when is my Sentence to come, and how long muſt I languiſh for your Mercy.

Sir

Sir Toby. Silence gives consent; and that pretty sly gloat with the Eyes; Oons, if Women had no Eyes, we should never know when to believe 'em.

Lucin. It were no matter, if all Mankind were blind, they are such Malitious observers; your wicked Consequences scarce allow poor Women the use of their Eyes; and we hardly dare open them for fear of some forc't ill-natur'd Interpretation.

Sir Toby. Your Pardon, Madam; I meant not to offend.

Vaun. All this looks exceedingly like Coupling, beged, what are you all going to play the Fool and Marry?

Phil. If the Ladies please, Sir, 'tis a venture, we are all willing to run.

Ang. Call it not a venture; our Inclinations have been so try'd and prov'd, that there seems to be no hazard.

Sir Toby. I hope so too Adzooks; but 'tis still a venture, for 'tis well known, that Women are strange changeable things.

Ang. That which is often thought Change in us, is for the most part Provocation, to be reveng'd. Men are generally the Aggressors, and Women must have a great stock of Patience and Virtue, to resist the Provocations that are Dayly giv'n 'em by their Husbands.

Lucin. If you examine strictly into the miscarriages of most Wives, you will find 'em grounded upon the neglect of their Husbands, and the Ill Usage they receive, more than their own Inclinations to Evil.

L. Dor. Resentment has made more Cuckolds than Inconstancy: Women are naturally Fond and Faithful; but they are Revengeful, and of all Provocations, Neglect is the greatest.

Ang. It is not therefore to us, but to themselves, that they owe their Misfortunes. When we are injur'd, we are no longer our selves; Disdain and Resentment Oppress our Virtue, and in that moment, a slight Temptation shall prevail with those who had before resisted the strongest.

L. Dor. Not but there are many whom nothing can entice or Provoke from their Duty.

Phil. The most Prepostterous Abuse in Marriage is, when upon

upon Agreement of Friends, two that know nothing of one —anothers minds, are to lye together at first sight; this, as to the World, is coming together Honourably: A Woman that is sold for all her Life long, is a Wife; and she that is sold but for a Quarter of an Hour, is a Whore.

Bell. The Misfortunes in Marriage have other Causes besides; proceeding not only from the Avarice of Parents, who force their Children for Interest or some private Consideration, to marry, thô never so Averse themselves: But from our own Ambition, preferring an Allyance or a Portion without Examining the Person; or from a rash Fancy taken at first Sight, and persu'd without consulting our Judgment.

Phil. But when Love is kept within the bounds of Prudence and Discretion, arising from Esteem, repaid with Tenderness, maintain'd by Innocence and Fidelity; 'tis then a Divine Extasie; the Fountain and Author of Peace, Tranquillity and Unutterable Joy.

Sir Toby. But why Adzooks is not this Divine Extasie to be found without marrying.

Ang. No, for what offends the Conscience, destroys the Tranquillity; and nothing that must be repented of, can be call'd Happy or Wise.

Bell. They who are Rich by indirect means, or Great by Evil Practices, or enjoy forbidden Loves, are all miserable at the bottom.

Phil. Innocence is the foundation of true Joy, and without it all Possessions are imperfect.

Ang. Marriage is therefore necessary to perfect the Felicities of Love; and I appeal to their Consciences, Men and Women, who follow unlawful Pleasures, if they have not at some times, uneasie moments: And whoever have any thing, at any time, to reproach their Consciences withal, cannot be said to be happy.

Vaun. And is this all your Opinions?

(All.) All, All.

Vaun. Why then, beged, I'll get me a Wife assoon as I can.

Sir J. Aery. Geddemme a mighty pretty Woman, and a great Fortune, not an hour ago, would have forc'd me to marry her, and beged I refus'd!

Plack. to Aery. That mighty pretty Woman and great Fortune, is still at your Service.

Sir J. Airy to Plack. Peace, Peace, don't Diſgrace me, and thou ſha't have more Money. As I was ſaying, the Handſom'ſt Woman in *England*, is in Love with me; and I'll give my Conſent before I Sleep.

Enter Courtal *Fighting and retreating before* Frederick, Conſtantia, *her Perruque off, and her Hair about her Ears, pull'd in by* Diana, Meliſſa, Dorinda, Miranda.

Fred. Fool'd, Cheated, Abus'd———

All the Siſters. Pull her to Pieces———to Pieces, with this Succubus——this ſhe-Devil.

Conſ. Help, help——I ſhall be devour'd by theſe Harpies, turn *Frederick*, *Conſtantia* kneels; now to you. Oh ſpare the Brother of *Conſtantia*, Oh Succour the Diſtreſt *Conſtantia*.

The Company all interpoſe.

Sir Toby. Adzooks what Srange hurly burly have we now?

Phil. More wonders! More Transformation of Sexes!

Bell. Why *Frederick*, what new Miſtake is this? I thought I had left this matter in a way to be reconcil'd.

Fred. Faith ſo I thought too; but new Miſtakes have happen'd.

Court. Since thrô your Impatience and your Siſters, ſo throw a Diſcovery has been made: 'Twere Folly to purſue this Jeſt any farther; *Conſtantia*, 'tis time to Surrender, take Poſſeſſion *Frederick*, and uſe your Diſcretion.

Siſters. We'll not part with her ſo, if you will have her, you ſhall have her Pricemeal——Vile Impoſtor, to put the Man upon us ſo.

Sir Toby. Not to put the Man upon you, Adzooks, there was the Devil.

Aug. Theſe were very Innocent Ladies, not to know a Man from a Woman.

Dia. I doubt not Madam, but you have been better Inſtructed a long time.

Fred. Siſters, pray an Exchange of Pris'ners; what ſay you *Courtal*, are you willing to redeem your Siſter, by putting your ſelf in her place.

Court. I think as a good Chriſtian, I ought to make the Ladies

dies Reparation for ſo many provoking Diſappointments.

Fred. What ſays *Conſtantia*, is ſhe willing?

Conſ. Neceſſity has no Law; I am for Surrendring to the Power that can protect me.

Fred. In my Hands you ſhall never want Protection.

Frederick *takes* Conſtantia's *Hand, his Siſters thruſt her to him.*

Mel. There take her, ſhe's more for your purpoſe than ours. Conſtantia *thruſts her Brother at them.*

Conſ. And there take him, whoſe more for your purpoſe than I.

Fred. O *Conſtantia*! I will ſo ſweetly revenge my ſelf.

Bell. Mr. *Vaunter*; Sir *John*, there are Wives for you, make your Addreſſes.

Vaun. Very pretty Ladies beged. (*They Addreſs to the Siſters.*

Sir J. Aery. Demm'e, very pretty Ladies, your humble Servant.

L. Dor. So wonderful a reſemblance I never ſaw. Well for my part, after ſo many Miſtakes; never more will I believe any Man the more a Man by his outſide, as the Beard makes not the Philoſopher, ſo the Breeches make not the Man, that's certain.

Cowards in Scarlet, paſs for Men of War,
And the Grave Fool, do's often Wiſe appear.
Truſt not appearances; not Two in Ten
Deſerve the generous Name of Women's Men.

Ang. As your Ladyſhip's Diſappointments are a Leſſon to the Ladies, not to truſt too much to appearances, ſo may my Victory ſerve to inform Mankind, that whoſoever has once entertain'd a real Paſſion, can never ſo entirely diſpoſſeſs himſelf, but the Woman, if ſhe Pleaſes may reclaim him. There is always left a Foundation to work upon; and a weakneſs which he himſelf does not ſuſpect, till he is brought to the Tryal.

Captives in Love, try to get looſe in Vain.
The Feet but ſlowly move, that drag a Chain.
Whom Irons Clog, we may 'ore take with Eaſe,
None can be free, unleſs the Victors Pleaſe.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

Spoke by Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*

I Who have bin the Poets Spark to day,
Will now appear the Champion of this Play.
Know all, that would pretend to my good Grace,
I Mortally diſlike a damning Face:
Pleas'd or displeas'd; no matter now, 'tis paſt.
The firſt that dares be angry, breathes his laſt.
Who ſhall preſume to doubt my Will and Pleaſure,
Him I deſie, to ſend his Weapons meaſure.
If War you chuſe, and Blood muſt needs be ſpilt here;
By Jove, let me alone to match your Tilter.
I'll give you ſatisfaction if I can,
Death! 'tis not the firſt time I have kill'd my Man.
On pain of being poſted to your Sorrow,
Fail not at Four to meet me here to morrow.

E I N I S.